

ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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JOURNALISM AND LIBELS.

WHILE Lord Campbell's committee is collecting evidence about the effect of the present law, which makes newspapers responsible for other people's libels, it is as well that the public mind should be prepared for some change of legislation in the matter. If journals do not defend their own contents, there is nobody to do it for them: they are not protected by those powerful old traditions and great social influences which can always be brought up to support the Bar or the Church. We do not advocate the perpetual discussion by any class of its own rights and wrongs; but the public is concerned as much as the Press in the adjustment of the question now before us.

It would seem that, under the law at present, a newspaper can be punished for disseminating a "libel" precisely as if it had invented it. Now, this we pronounce—directly in the teeth of our able contemporary, the "Saturday Review," to be *prima facie* unfair. The moral offence is clearly not the same—as we presume nobody will pretend. Well, then, it is incumbent on those who want to punish it as if it was the same, to show that, in its case, the safety of society requires a little departure from the principles of fair play. To settle this point, we must necessarily look broadly at the question—what the moral and social position of a newspaper is.

The freedom of printing—(and there is no need now to go into its history—its Marathons and its martyrdoms)—is admitted by a country on the theory that its vast good outbalances its possible harm. Of course, it has its share of dangers, like any other of a country's institutions; and one of its dangers is, that it may disseminate an untruth. It is the business and duty of a journal to tell all the news of the day—to reflect all the life of the kingdom—to mirror everything good and bad with the grand impartiality of a sea. Accordingly, nobody blames it because its police reports, for instance, are not always as quiet and harmless reading as the "Dairyman's Daughter." Why? Because such—possibly unpleasant—narrations are part of the news of the day—of the life of the kingdom; though to invent such stories as sometimes appear in a police report would be an offence as justly punishable as the offences of Holywell Street. The world accepts its chance of the revelations of the law courts—because, in a general way, it is important that the public should know what is being done by the law.

Now, take the case of a libel. The public life of a country like England must necessarily produce libels occasionally—as it produces satires, or eccentricity, or extravagance. A newspaper, then, has a fair chance of being let in to publish one. A libel is not always recognisable on the spur of the moment, any more than you can always tell a mushroom from a toadstool, or monk's-hood from horse-radish. But is a man who happens to give his friend a bad mushroom to be treated as if he had deliberately poisoned him? The cases are not exactly alike, we think! Some error will enter into everything; it would be well for England if there were as few blunders, however, in all her departments of work as there are (on the whole) in her newspaper press.

But while the law is too severe in dealing with what may often

be accidents of offence rather than offences proper, let us next look at its operation as against a newspaper's reporting a libel, strictly so called. A journal, let us suppose, observes a charge made by one person, or body of persons, against another, which is legally a "libel" on the face of it. It gives this the currency of its columns and circulation. Even here, we cannot admit that the newspaper is necessarily entirely in the wrong; for we are to remember that, from the very fact that it is a newspaper, its range must be very wide. A. mauls B.: the newspaper impartially gives A. room for his "round" to come off; it would give B. the same to-morrow;—is it as responsible to B. as if it approved and enforced the injury done to him? The public wants to know "what is going on;" and the newspaper

nated with a bad one—punished for the *malus animus* of somebody else.

But, we are told, you are bound, as profiting by your paper, to be responsible for all you diffuse in it, and to exercise a control over what you insert; that is to say, we are bound to exercise our duty of publication with discretion. Of course we are; and if the world saw all that comes to any newspaper seeking admission, it would admit that the discretion was pretty widely used. Why, however, are we to bear the stripes which somebody else has incurred? That is the question.

But here is another point to be considered. We must risk libels sometimes for the sake of the public, from the very nature of things. A quack may be doing mischief—a great swindle may be brewing—

a gross oppression may be going on somewhere. News of either of these get wind. Is it to be made public? If it is made public, a mighty mischief may be crushed in the shell. On the other hand, an error of detail—possibly a single expression—may expose you to the penalties of libel. If you do make an error in such a case, still you have made it in the cause of the public good. We want to know why this is not to be considered when the question of the paper's conduct comes to be discussed? Is it, or is it not, for the public good that a journal should be able to act daringly in exposure, even at the risk of its sometimes making an error, and running into what is technically known as a "libel"? Surely, the age of the British Bank, Paul, Robson, Redpath, and Co., ought not to fetter the hands of the censor. What if some "correspondent" had smelt the coming corruption of the "British" afar off, and made it known? and if journals had been afraid to use this communication for fear of its being a libel? That is a very possible case; and we think the bare possibility of it ought to weigh with the reflecting reader.

We do not advocate libels, nor do we wish for the licentiousness of general speech; but we want newspapers only to be responsible for their own offences. We think that every man should pay his own penalties; and, in the case supposed above, we would have the "correspondent" pay them. There are many securities for the public against the chance of a newspaper's too rashly publishing libels, if protected by law from the consequences of all libels (as we propose) but its own. In the first place, we really must remind our friends of the "Saturday" that a rage for libelling is not an inevitable tendency of the editorial mind. If anything, our journals lately have been too mealy-mouthed



HIGHLAND MARY.—(FROM A PAINTING BY T. S. FAED.—SEE PAGE 331.)

satisfies them. It is a public convenience. We do not stop omnibuses, because they occasionally give facilities to pick pockets, or taverns, because two fellows may walk into a tavern-parlour to talk privately over their next burglary. Of course, it would be a different thing if a journal encouraged libels for its own profit as a purveyor of scandal; but we do not think any one has a right to expect such a proceeding from the press of England.

At present, the state of affairs is surely anomalous. A paper is punished for disseminating news—because, in the vast multiplicity of news, some must occasionally be dangerous. It is punished for diffusing with a good intent what somebody has origi-

and timid; and the tone of the press is at least as quiet as that of the hustings, the lecture-room, or the debating-club, or even Parliament itself. The pleasure of "speaking your mind"—so tempting to a beginner—wears off when you have to speak it twice a week, and to half-a-million of people, and becomes as sober and decorous an employment as any other. No sensible man would willingly spend his life in a row, and editors are not unfrequently sensible men. Why, then, think it necessary to tie them up by exposing them to unfair risks? Are not a natural pride in one's paper—a respect for the public, and a dread of their censure—a knowledge of the world and of the singular fellows who are ever seeking notoriety—sufficient re-

strains to prevent a man from rashly adopting libels from out-of-doors, and hastily giving them currency? We think that so much may be fairly presumed.

Meanwhile, we are glad to know—and it is no mean sign of the times—that the recent widening of newspaper circulation has not been attended with the lowered character which so many pretended to anticipate. This should encourage those who have confidence in journalism; and our knowledge of it gives us increased faith in a favourable result to the Press from the labours of Lord Campbell's committee.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

THE Court is at Fontainebleau, where the King of Bavaria arrived on Sunday afternoon. The Grand Duke Constantine had previously set off for Bordeaux.

The treaty of commerce between France and Russia is not yet signed, but the last instructions have left Paris for St. Petersburg.

The Minister of Marine sent to Toulon formal orders that the *Andalucien* frigate, which is destined to convey Baron Gros to China, should be ready to put to sea at the end of the week now expiring. Another attaché has been added to the Baron's mission—Lieutenant de Besplat, of the navy, who served with distinction in the Black Sea during the war; he, however, goes to China in a diplomatic and not a nautical capacity. According to recent despatches received from M. de Courcy, French chargé d'affaires in China, the government of Peking appears disposed to afford satisfaction for the murder of the Abbé Chapdelaine, and a commencement has been made by the fact of the mandarin who was responsible for the murder having been disgraced. The Papal government is organising religious missions for China, in anticipation of the success of the French expedition.

The moderate Republican party seems determined to take an active part in the coming elections for the legislative body.

SPAIN.

A CONSPIRACY for deposing the present Queen, and placing on the throne the Princess of the Asturias, has been discovered. The project was communicated to Queen Christina, under the hope that she would encourage it; but no sooner had she obtained possession of some documents connected with the plot (having previously dissembled sufficiently to get at them) than she transmitted them to the Government at Madrid. Among the documents was one by the King; and that unfortunate monarch by courtesy was summoned before the Council of Ministers, told that he had rendered himself liable to trial for high treason, and warned to be more circumspect in future. The French Government has been informed of this strange episode of the Spanish Court.

The Government has announced its intention to despatch two ships of war to the China Seas, with an agent specially charged to conclude a treaty of commerce with the Celestial Empire as soon as the situation of the country will permit it.

The Government has presented to the Cortes the law relating to the press. Cautious money is required. The jury for the trial of press offences is to consist of primary judges; newspaper articles are to bear the signatures of their writers.

The squadron which has been fitting out for the last three months at Cadiz has set sail for the West Indies. It is composed of six ships. They carry 2,450 troops thoroughly equipped. This force is commanded by Generals Mendizábal, Santiago, and Parido.

PRUSSIA.

THE official journal of the Government announces the betrothal of Prince Frederick of Prussia to the Princess Royal of Great Britain. The announcement runs thus:—"His Majesty the King having been pleased to-day to inform the Royal Family and the Court that, with his own approbation and the consent of her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the betrothal of his Royal Highness Prince Frederick William of Prussia with Princess Victoria Adelaide Marie Louise, Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland and Duchess of Saxony, has taken place. A similar announcement has been made on the part of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland to her Majesty's Privy Council. This joyful event, so gratifying to the Royal House and to the entire monarchy, is hereby made public by command of his Majesty the King."

The Neuchâtel difficulty is once more reported to be settled. The King of Prussia, it is said, agrees to the terms which Switzerland had already accepted, and resigns his claim to the million francs.

RUSSIA.

THE subscription for the 150,000 shares of the railway network scheme, was opened in St. Petersburg on the 28th ult. The rush to secure a place for the subscribers' names in the list of the fortunate shareholders, is described as having been very great, and as offering an irrefragable proof of the feelings prevalent among the public on this subject, and the great desire the latter has to promote the construction of railways and other means of communication. The number of shares left open for allotment will hardly suffice to satisfy the great demand. This, however, is a Russian account.

The Empress was safely delivered of a son on Monday week. Two American consuls have arrived at Irkutsk, which they reached by proceeding up the river Amoor.

SWEDEN.

THE Copenhagen "Fæderlandet" states that letters to be relied on have been received from Stockholm, stating that the King, being worn out with the responsibility of affairs, and in addition being weak in health, has determined, on the recommendation of his medical advisers, to withdraw from state business, calling on the Hereditary Prince to take the direction of affairs provisionally.

ITALY.

THE garrison of the city of Naples has been completely changed, and is now exclusively composed of Swiss regiments.

The members of the King of Naples's family have made (according to a report from the Two Sicilies) a combined remonstrance with that monarch, on the subject of the debased and wretched condition into which the country has been crushed by the despotism which over-rides it.

The young Englishman who was wounded in an encounter with some robbers, has since died.

The police of Leghorn, having been informed that two vessels freighted by persons suspected of political intrigues had set sail in the direction of Civita Vecchia with a number of heavy chests, took immediate measures to prevent any revolutionary attempt on the coast. On the 27th ult., a small boat was seen off Leghorn, and was visited by certain individuals whose opinions were too well known; but she stood out to sea again, steering westward. Nevertheless, the police learnt that on the night of the 1st a considerable number of chests had been landed and conveyed to Pisa in carts; whereupon the governor of that town immediately caused several houses suspected of having received them to be searched, and at length succeeded, on the 9th, in capturing ninety-eight muskets and five chests of ammunition. The persons implicated in this affair have been arrested.

The Roman journals continue to give minute descriptions of the honours paid to the Pope at each of the towns which he has visited. These honours are everywhere the same, consisting of triumphal arches, illuminations, and official compliments. Wherever he goes, the Pope first visits the cathedral, and often says mass there. Everywhere the people kneel down as he passes, and while he dispenses his benediction.

The anniversary of the proclamation of the Sardinian Constitution has been celebrated with great festivity at Turin.

The Sardinian Government has resolved to send Chevalier Buoncompagni to complement his Holiness on his arrival at Bologna, where he seems inclined to make a long stay, as part of his administration is to join him there.

THE EAST.

THE son of the former Emir of Beyrout, Emir Bechir, has expired, it is supposed from poison. The Arabs in the neighbourhood of Damascus have revolted, but, in a conflict between them and some regular troops, 180 of their number were killed.

Accounts from Constantinople state that the mountaineers under the orders of the son of Schamyl had repulsed a body of 4,000 Russians near Shalisch. Mehmet Bey had removed his head-quarters to Sipsouh. Sefer Pacha had 40,000 naibs under his orders, and, in consequence of the adhesion of different tribes, Mehmet Bey could assemble 80,000.

AMERICA.

A DESPATCH from Washington of the 4th inst., that a rumour of the rejection by Great Britain of the Dallas-Clarendon treaty was confirmed by the receipt of a letter from Mr. Dallas to the President. Lord Napier was expected shortly to communicate the fact officially to the government, when the subject would be considered by the Cabinet of Washington. A Washington correspondent says, that "the Dallas and Clarendon treaty does not go into effect, because the treaty between England and Honduras relative to the island of Ratan has not been ratified by Honduras. Until this is done the English government considered the Dallas-Clarendon treaty cannot be accepted. The President and Lord Napier do not think the rejection is likely to interrupt the friendly relations of the two governments."

News from Mexico relates that the Archbishop of Mexico and several priests had been arrested on a charge of being implicated in a late attempt at insurrection, and the Archbishop sentenced to banishment.

CHINA.

FROM China we hear that the steamer *John* has been lost by striking upon a rock to the south side of Tong-ying, having on board a large and valuable cargo—the crew was saved.

Rice had reached famine prices in China, and the people were said to be "perishing in numbers."

H.M.S. *Hornet*, Capt. Forsyth, while cruising off St. John's Island, had the good fortune to fall in with a fleet of piratical junks. The steamer could not be brought within range of them, owing to there not being a sufficient draft of water in the bay where they were. The boats of the steamer pulled in, and Capt. Forsyth, observing that the position of the junks was strong, landed with a party of marines and reached an eminence from whence, as well as from the boats, an effectual fire was kept up on the junks. After a good deal of firing, the pirates took to the hills, and 17 of their boats were taken possession of, and subsequently destroyed. The only accident that occurred on our side was one man of the *Hornet* severely burnt by a stinkpot.

INDIA.

ON the 31st of March the 19th Native Infantry was disbanded at Barrackpore. The Regiment was in open mutiny; the 34th was in league with it; the 2nd Grenadiers were sympathetic. Not less than 5,000 men were in a state of obstinate fanaticism, which any incident might change to fury. Calcutta itself might not be safe from the attack or the example of the mutineers. In these circumstances a strong force of English troops and well-affected natives were despatched to the scene of disorder. Two Queen's regiments with the cavalry and artillery occupied one side, the native regiments the other, and the 19th native infantry, the mutinous corps, were in the midst. A proclamation was read, and they were told they must lay down their arms. They were disposed to resist, but the preparations and firmness of Major-General Hearsay, the officer in command, and himself a native of India, thoroughly cowed them. The old instinctive terror of the Europeans has not passed away, and they laid down their arms, the native officers actually weeping with grief and rage. No humiliation was offered them; they were allowed to retain their uniforms, and were then escorted by the cavalry to Chinsurah: thence they were gradually dispersed to their homes. Officers and men lose all claim to the usual pension for military service, and, in a worldly point of view, the unhappy men have dearly expiated their obstinacy and folly. It was believed that this example would have a profound effect; but it was thought that the 34th must be disbanded, and a native regiment at Dinapore was only held in check by the presence of English troops. Almost all the regiments of the line sympathised with the malcontents more or less; but all the irregulars, all the Sikhs, the Ghoorkas, and all the cavalry, ridiculed the movement.

AFFAIRS IN PERSIA.

THE treaty of peace between Persia and England was ratified on the 4th of April at Teheran, and on the 17th was transmitted to Bagdad. It seems to have been received with satisfaction by the Shah and the people.

The inquiry into the death of General Stalker, and of Commodore Ethersey, makes it clear that both destroyed themselves from depression arising out of their responsibilities, and perhaps an exaggerated idea of what was expected of them. General Stalker was left in command at Bushire, in the absence of General Outram, who was to conduct the operations against Mohammerah, and he (General Stalker) seems to have imagined that the force to be left at his disposal was inadequate to the service.

Several of the witnesses at the inquest testified to his nervous and undue apprehension for the health of the troops during the approaching hot weather. One of the witnesses, however, Colonel Lugard, asserted his strong belief that the explosion of the pistol was accidental. The verdict, however, determined that the General destroyed himself in a fit of temporary insanity.

At the inquest on the body of Commodore Ethersey, the following memorandum, found in his diary, were put in:—

"I feel more and more my unfitness to command. I am broken down—my head gone, and the terrible responsibility. I shall make a mess of it."

Dated 14th March, 1857, Saturday.
"Heard of poor Stalker's melancholy death. His case is similar to my own. He felt he was unequal to the responsibility imposed on him—(a blank line intervenes then). I have had a wretched night."

Dated 16th March, 1857, Monday.
"A bad night—took opium, but the dose was too large—it made me very ill for some hours. Hugh Lindsay and Napier started for river. It promised to be calm; but three hours after she left, it set in furious from the southward and south-eastward. I feel for the little vessel, and that it will be the first misstep of this wearisome expedition."

These extracts and his diary. His death took place on the following day. An unfinished paper sufficiently exhibits his failing condition. This was found in his diary:—

"I feel that I am unequal to the responsibility of conducting the present large fleet. My head is gone. I have no longer any confidence in my own judgment—have lost all energy, and set entirely upon the suggestions of those around me. I am dreadfully nervous, and the slightest occurrence agitates me to a degree that renders me incapable of acting, or of prompt action. Anything that goes wrong for which I am responsible, quite unnerves me for a time."

The verdict was—"The Court, after deliberation, is of opinion that the late Commodore Ethersey destroyed himself with his own hand, whilst suffering under mental aberration, brought about by long-continued anxieties connected with the duties of his command." On the night of his death, the Commodore had been poring over despatches from Sir H. Leake, and a memorial to the Government of Bombay lay beside them on his dressing-table. They were both sprinkled with his blood.

KILLED BY LEECHES.—At the village of Mentigny la Mare, near Paris, M. Laquie, a druggist, lately established a nursery of leeches, in a marsh or pond, where he was accustomed to feed them by driving an old worn-out horse, purchased at a knacker's yard, every morning into the muddy water, and allowing the leeches to gorge themselves at the expense of the horse's legs. His son, a boy of thirteen, used to ride the horse into the pond. A few days ago, the boy having gone alone upon that errand, the family were terrified by the horse coming back without his rider; his legs were bleeding profusely and covered with leeches. People went to the pond to look for the child, and found him immersed there, struggling feebly to extricate himself from the mire, and to defend himself from the hundreds of voracious creatures which had crawled under his clothes (for he wore neither shoes nor stockings), and had fixed upon every limb of his body. He had probably been thrown off the horse's back by the restlessness of the tormented animal. The poor boy was quite exhausted and speechless when he was got out, and died in a few hours.

IRELAND.

A MADMAN IN A COACH.—A person named Wilson, while travelling in a coach near Fermangh, suddenly drew a razor, brandished it about in a menacing manner at a young lady with whom he was riding, and would have seized her had she not warded off the plungers with a basket. She screamed loudly, and a militia captain who was on the box-seat, coming to her assistance, restrained her in safety, though not without receiving several wounds himself.

THE POTATO RIOTS.—Further disturbances to prevent the exportation of potatoes have taken place at Oramore. It was found necessary to bring out the police and soldiery; and one or two persons were injured by the violence of the mob.

SCOTLAND.

ANOTHER BANK DEFAULTER.—Mr. Henry Salmon, the agent for the Commercial Bank of Scotland at Falkirk, has absconded, after having made free to a large extent with the coffers of the bank. It is understood that Mr. Salmon's defalcations extend to at least £30,000. His plan seems to have been this. When certain deposits were lodged he granted a receipt in the name of the bank in the ordinary way, but applied the funds to his own use; and as the transaction did not appear in the books of the bank, detection by the ordinary checks was impossible. He must, however, have retained a private memorandum of these deposit receipts, so as to arrange for the payment of the interest upon them as it became regularly due. Up till this exposure Mr. Salmon was a man of high consideration in the district, took a prominent part in every public movement, and lived sumptuously. He was the oldest official connected with the Commercial Bank, having been connected with the establishment for the long period of forty years.

EXTRAORDINARY BRUTALITY.—David Stewart, general servant in the mill of Balfour, in the parish of Menmuir, on being entrusted to destroy three pigs belonging to his employer, proceeded to drown them in the mill lade, near to which a number of labourers were employed. With some of these men Stewart made a wager of 1s. 6d. that he would kill the three pigs with his teeth. This brutal feat he performed in the short space of five minutes, literally worrying the animals to death after the manner of a dog.

THE PROVINCES.

COCK-FIGHTING IN SHREWSBURY.—For some years past, it has been the custom in Shrewsbury for cock-fighting to take place during the race week. This year some of the inhabitants, being determined to put a stop to the inhuman sport, solicited the help of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who at once sent down their superintendent, Mr. Wemyss, accompanied by a detective officer. The cockpit was behind the Lion and Pheasant Inn, in two rooms of which, not less than 200 birds had been brought together, and the scene at the cockpit was described as most shocking. Between one and two hundred persons were present, each of whom paid 5s. on entrance. The inn was surrounded by fourteen of the borough police, and five of the most active participants in the brutal sport were secured. They were taken before the Mayor the same day, and fined 50s. each and costs.

MURDER BY A MANIAC.—John Blackwell, who during the war enlisted in the Berkshire militia, and went to Corfu, returned home to Wokingham lately, and resumed his employment of shoemaker. Soon after he exhibited symptoms of insanity, and the parish authorities caused him to be watched until he could be legally placed under restraint. A man named Rance slept with him on Wednesday week. Soon after midnight a noise was heard in the cottage; and a neighbour going to see what it arose out of, found Blackwell standing over the corpse of Rance, at the back door of the cottage. Rance had been stabbed in the neck; and Blackwell, who had been of a religious turn of mind, shouted, "I've killed the devil! I am the King of kings!" He afterwards knelt down in front of the house and prayed in an incoherent manner. Both Rance and Blackwell were in their shirts only. The madman was taken into custody, and when examined before the magistrates, said:—"I am charged with wilful murder. I thank my Lord the King of kings, and founder of the world, whom I have served, that He has freed my conscience from my guilt. He (meaning Rance) volunteered to sleep with me as my protector, and wished me to sleep on. When I had certain evidences in my mind that eternity was coming; what thought I, sleep on! I got out of bed once or twice, and he pulled me in again. He said, 'Don't you feel warm?' I said I don't feel everlastingly warm. I got out of bed, and could scarcely forbear striking him. I said 'You devil!' I had had that presentiment on my mind that he was a devil on earth. I thought he was lying in the presence of the 'Prince of Peace and the Son of Righteousness'—that is in Jeremiah. Well, I struck him a blow which almost levelled him to the ground, and the second did quite. I then got a knife and ran after him, and caught him just as he got open the back door, and I then struck him in the neck. The knife did not cut, and I managed to hug and juggle away at it until I done the job." The prisoner was committed for trial at the assizes.

JEALOUSY.—Mr. William Hamilton, cotton-spinner, of Bacup, had forbidden Mr. William J. Clegg, surgeon, his house. A few days ago, on returning home, Hamilton found Clegg sitting with his wife. Clegg refused to leave the house, and on Hamilton taking hold of him, drew a pistol and pulled the trigger; but though the pistol was fully loaded with powder and ball, it missed fire. Clegg has been committed for trial.

MANSLAUGHTER BY A BOY.—Several children were playing together at Kirkham-in-the-Valley, when two of them (girls) quarrelled. One of them, Betsy Titterton, aged fourteen, threw a stone at the other; it missed her and struck or went very near John Howell, aged fifteen. At that time he was shaping a toy out of a piece of wood with a class knife. He turned round in a rage, and with the knife struck Titterton, inflicting a wound an inch and a half in length on the left side of her neck. It bled profusely. She walked a short distance towards her house, and then fell. She died immediately on reaching home, without having said a word about the affair. Howell and the deceased had been upon good, if not affectionate terms. Howell absconded, and hid in the fields till the following morning, when he delivered himself up. At an inquest subsequently held, the jury returned a verdict of Manslaughter.

BURIAL OF A SUICIDE.—On Wednesday week an order was given for the burial of Charlton, murderer and suicide, of Bradford, in the grounds of a Primitive Methodist Chapel. A concourse of about 2,000 people attended him to his grave. The grave had been dug, and the hearse was at the gates; but the authorities of the chapel closed the entrance. Then the mob, who altogether sympathised with this determination of the chapel authorities, commenced hissing and howling, and cries of "Throw the coffin over the wall!" "Burn it!" "Burn it!" When the difficulty of gaining an entrance was overcome, it was found that the grave was too shallow, and Councillor Fox, a member of the sanitary committee, protested against interment there. A new grave was then made close to the boundary wall, between the chapel and the ground. There it was at last deposited, amidst the continued murmurs and shouts of the mob.

THE TRAINING OF PAUPER CHILDREN.—The guardians of some of the principal towns in Yorkshire have declared themselves strongly opposed to the bill for the training of pauper and vagrant children, which was introduced into the House of Commons by Sir S. Northcote last session, and by Mr. Adair in the present session. Resolutions against the bill were passed by the Leeds and Bradford Boards of Guardians at the weekly meetings on Friday and Saturday of last week, and deputations were appointed to go to London to assist deputations from other places in opposing the second reading of the bill by every legitimate means.

SHILLING DAY AT THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION.—Monday was the first shilling day at the Art-Treasures Exhibition, Manchester. Although the weather was extremely fine and inviting, the attendance was not so great as expected, and, up to three o'clock, the number probably did not much exceed 3,000 persons. There were cheap trains from Liverpool, Sheffield, and Birmingham, the latter bringing about 500 people; but the trains from the other towns brought very few passengers. Few of the visitors on this day were what is implied by the term "working people."

TERRIBLE CASE OF MUTILATION.—The corpse of a new-born female infant was a few days since found in a bin, near Crook's Place, Norwich, in a shockingly mutilated condition—the head being severed from the body, and the legs also nearly cut away. The coroner's jury empanelled to inquire into the circumstances of the case, returned a verdict to the effect that the child was born alive, and came to its death by violence from some person or persons unknown.

DIVER DOWNED.—Colour-Sergeant Edward Barnicoat, of the Royal Engineers, the most experienced diver in England, was searching under water for a gun last week at Chatham. He frequently made signals, but after a short interval, it was found that he did not reply to those from above. He was accordingly drawn up, and found to be quite dead; the water by some means entered his diving-dress and helmet and drowned him.

ARREST OF STREET PREACHERS AT THE CHESTER RACES.—A Mr. Radcliffe and some missionary friends, from Liverpool, were arrested and incarcerated in the Bridewell at Chester, during the races, by order of Major French, a local magistrate. The offence of these persons was preaching in the streets. Subsequently, it appears, Major French went to the Bridewell, and desired to liberate them; but they refused to be discharged except in open court. When the case came on for examination the following morning, it was dismissed. An immense meeting was held at the Music Hall on Monday, when resolutions sympathising with Mr. Radcliffe and his friends were passed.

EDUCATION IN THE FACTORY.—A bill presented by Lord Rossie enacts that all persons and companies employing young persons in any trade, handicraft, or business, shall, if such young persons be unable to read in the English or Gaelic tongues, cause them to attend a school for at least three hours a week for five lawful days in every week. The expenses must be paid by the employers. A certificate of capability to read may be supplied by a magistrate in justice of the peace.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, MAY 15.
HOUSE OF LORDS.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

The Earl of Malmesbury drew attention to the state of the works going on in St. James's Park, the cost of which was to be £11,000 and more; he denied that they were necessary.

Earl GRANVILLE urged, on the contrary, that they were most necessary and desirable, and stated that the expense would not be above £11,500.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

The Duke of Somerset having called attention to the large expenditure which the new government offices would occasion,

Earl GRANVILLE and the Marquis of Lansdowne explained that the plans were only under consideration, and that, before any money could be spent, the subject must be brought before the House of Commons.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.
THE BRITISH BANK.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, in answer to Mr. Coningham, said that he had watched the proceedings of the British Bank from the beginning, and directed a copy of the examinations of the directors to be transmitted to him. But a difficulty had arisen under an act of Parliament, directing the Commissioner of Bankruptcy to transmit the proceedings to the Board of Trade, who were to lay them before the Attorney-General. That could not be until after the final examination, which in this case could not be before the 24th of June.

PRISONERS AT HONG KONG.

Mr. LABOUCHERE, replying to Lord Robert Cecil, said that there was no foundation for the report that forty-two prisoners had been confined at Hong Kong, in a space fifteen feet square, for three weeks.

PARLIAMENTARY OATHS.

Lord PALMERSTON moved for leave to bring in a bill to alter the present oaths of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration, taken by Members of Parliament. He explained, in the first place, for taking the subject out of the hands of Lord John Russell, and he had only done so in the belief that a measure of that kind would stand a better chance of passing if it were taken up by the Government. The beginning of a new Parliament was a peculiarly favourable opportunity for the introduction of such a measure, for every Member must have felt the anomalous nature of the oaths which they were compelled to take. The sanctity of an oath was so great that it should be taken seldom, and should not be attached to a declaration which was absurd in itself. He proposed by his bill to enable Christians to be relieved from taking an oath which involved an absurdity, and at the same time to sweep away the last rag of religious intolerance which prevented the admission of Jews to Parliament. He proposed to abolish the oaths of allegiance, and supremacy, and abjuration, and to substitute for them one oath, which contained the oath of allegiance, and such portions of the others as were proper to be retained. On what ground could any one now be called on to abjure the doctrine that princes excommunicated could be deposed or murdered by their subjects? He should leave out that portion of the oath of abjuration repudiating the exercise of any temporal authority in these realms by any foreign potentate. The part relating to the exclusion of the descendants of the Pretender, none of whom were any longer in existence, would also be abrogated. The substance of the rest of the oath would be retained, except the words relating to mental reservation and equivocation, and especially he would omit the last words, "on the true faith of a Christian."

Sir FREDERICK THESIGER did not oppose the introduction of the bill; but, as its avowed object was the admission of Jews to Parliament, he should in its next stage offer it his most decided opposition. He thought it would have been as well if this bill had been postponed with all other measures of Parliamentary Reform to next session. He admitted that there was a part of the oath of abjuration which was obsolete; but the better way would have been to have struck out that portion of the oath, and left the admission of Jews to Parliament a distinct question.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL assured Lord Palmerston that he found no fault with him for bringing this subject before Parliament, because he thought it was best brought forward under the sanction of the Government. With regard to the history of this question, which had been given by Sir Frederick Thesiger, he only hoped that Honourable Member would be able next year to complete the history, by saying that at length, in 1857, a series of attempts was crowned with success by the admission of Jews to Parliament.

Mr. NEWDEGATE opposed the bill.

After a few words from Mr. LOCKE KING, and Mr. HENLEY, who inquired when the second reading would be taken, and Lord PALMERSTON having said that he would fix for an early day after Whitsuntide, leave was given to bring in the bill.

TRANSPORTATION BILL.

On the motion for going into committee on this bill, Lord ADOLPHUS VANE TEMPLE moved that it be referred to a select committee.

Sir GEORGE GREY opposed the motion.

Mr. BAXTER made some observations condemnatory of the present prison system, which he thought was too lenient, and tended too much to the paupering of convicts.

Some further discussion ensued, and the House went into committee on the bill. After a long discussion, and several divisions on amendments, it passed through committee.

MONDAY, MAY 18.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

The LORD CHANCELLOR read a message from her Majesty, announcing that a marriage had been negotiated between the Princess Royal and Prince Frederick William of Prussia.

Earl GRANVILLE proposed an address to her Majesty, expressing the affectionate attachment of the House to her Majesty, their sense of the merits of her Royal Highness, and their regard to the dignity of the Royal Family and the honour of the country.

This loyal address, after a few observations from the Earl of Derby, was unanimously agreed to.

TESTAMENTARY JURISDICTION.

The LORD CHANCELLOR moved the second reading of the Probates and Letters of Administration Bill, and proceeded to state the alterations made in the measure since it was brought forward last session. In the first place, he proposed that the present judge of the Prerogative Court should be the first judge of the new Court of Probate, with a working salary of £4,000, and a retiring salary of £2,000 a year. As under the new Bill all disputed matters of fact would be tried by a jury in the common law courts, the labours of the Court would be much reduced; he therefore proposed that the judge of the Court of Probate should be the Judge of the Matrimonial and Divorce Courts, and that ultimately whenever a vacancy occurred in the Court of Admiralty he should be judge in that court also. All the proceedings before the new Court of Probate were to be *in voce*, and in cases of wills, where the property disposed of did not exceed £300 personality, or £300 realty, the judges of the County Courts were to have jurisdiction. District registrars, if the testator died within the limits of the district, were to have jurisdiction if the property bequeathed did not exceed £1,500. The present bill did not propose to establish a probate for real property, and the right of appeal would be to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Certain officials who might be deprived of emoluments by the bill, would be compensated, and the whole business of the new Court of Probate would be left in the hands of the Proctors. The Noble Lord concluded by moving the second reading of the bill.

After some remarks from the Bishops of Bangor and London, Lord CAMPBELL gave his cordial consent to the bill, especially as all approach to the Court of Chancery was now avoided.

The LORD CHANCELLOR brought in a measure for the better management of Dulwich College. The bill was read a first time.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

Lord PALMERSTON brought up a message from the Queen, intimating the intended union of the Princess Royal and Prince William of Prussia, and requesting the House to concur in making such provision for the eldest daughter of the Sovereign as might be deemed suitable to the honour of the Crown and the dignity of the country.

The message having been read from the chair,

Lord PALMERSTON moved an address in reply to the Royal message, asking the House to respond in fitting terms to the communication just received from the Sovereign.

The motion was seconded by Mr. DISRAELI, and carried unanimously.

Lord PALMERSTON stated that he should, on Friday, move that the Royal message be taken into further consideration.

ASPERATIONS ON THE ARMY.

On the motion for going into committee of supply, Colonel NORTH adverted to certain charges against the officers of the army, which the Hon. Member for Lambeth was reported to have urged in a speech addressed to his constituents at the late election.

Mr. W. WILLIAMS denied that his observations bore the meaning that had been attached to them. He had always believed and said that the regimental officers of the British army were better and braver than those of any other army in the world. Of the military system, and of the commanding officers, he might possibly have expressed a different opinion.

Sir W. COBBINGTON admitted that election speeches should not be too minutely criticised. They were spoken amidst scenes of much excitement, and often inaccurately reported. He was therefore ready to accept the explanation offered by the Member for Lambeth.

THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

The House having gone into committee of supply, Sir C. WOOD brought forward the navy estimates, amounting in the aggregate to a sum of £9,074,000, whereof about £3,390,000 had been voted on account in the last session of Parliament. The First Lord proceeded to explain in detail the several items of which this gross expenditure was composed, concluding by moving that £3,700 men—seamen, marines, and coastguard—be granted for the remaining eight months.

The successive votes for the naval service were then proposed amidst a miscellaneous discussion, which occupied several hours.

On resuming, shortly after midnight, The Transportation and Penal Servitude Bill was considered as amended, and ordered to stand for third reading.

The Bankruptcy and Insolvency (Ireland) Bill was read a second time.

The Bankruptcy and Insolvency (Ireland) Salaries, &c., Bill was passed through committee.

TUESDAY, MAY 19.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE DIVORCE BILL.

The LORD CHANCELLOR moved the second reading of the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Bill. He remarked that the changes he proposed to introduce were based upon the report of a Royal commission, appointed in the year 1850. At present the law required not less than three processes before any suitor could obtain a divorce *in vinculo matrimonii*—an action for criminal conversation, a suit in the Ecclesiastical Court, and a bill in Parliament. Applicants were thus obliged to prove their case three times over, and by a most expensive course of proceeding, before they could obtain relief from the marriage bond. For this triple machinery he proposed to substitute a single suit before a specially constituted court. The evidence would be taken *in voce*, and, generally speaking, submitted to a jury. He proposed to give this court jurisdiction over all matrimonial suits, with full power to grant divorces in all the degrees now obtainable either from the ecclesiastical courts or from Parliament, the limitation being preserved that no dissolution of marriage, to the extent of permitting the parties to marry again, should be lawful excepting only in case the divorce was granted on proof of adultery.

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY said that while he was willing to vote for the second reading of the bill, he must oppose in committee the clause which permitted the guilty parties to be united in legal marriage.

Lord LYNCHBURGH expressed his approval of the principle on which the bill was founded, but contended that the object was imperfectly worked out in detail. He thought it most unjust to debar the wife from legal relief under circumstances which were held to entitle the husband to a divorce, and that wilful desertion on the part of the husband should give the wife a sufficient claim for a divorce. On these points he intimated his intention to propose amendments when the bill came to be discussed in committee.

The discussion was continued by the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Dunsannon, Lord Redesdale, the Bishop of Bangor, the Bishop of Oxford, and the Bishop of Lincoln, all of whom were opposed to the measure, and by Lord Wensleydale, the Earl of Malmesbury, Lord Campbell, the Duke of Argyll, and the Bishop of London, who were in favour of it. Lord Wensleydale, however, confessed to some misgivings as to how the measure would work, and the Earl of Malmesbury said he should propose in committee a clause to prevent the guilty parties intermarrying after divorce.

Their Lordships then divided, when the second reading was agreed to by a majority of 29—the numbers being 17 for and 18 against the measure.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WIFE BEATING.

On the order for the second reading of the Aggravated Assaults Bill, Sir G. GREY, in moving, by way of amendment, to defer the second reading for six months, observed that while the bill proposed to reduce the maximum imprisonment from six months to two, it empowered magistrates clothed with summary jurisdiction to add the punishment of whipping, and that this would be the only instance in which whipping would be inflicted, without the intervention of a jury, upon adult males. He thought the law as it now stood operated beneficially.

Mr. DILLWYN defended the Bill.

Upon a division, the second reading was negatived by 221 to 86; so the Bill is lost.

MINISTERS' MONEY.

Mr. FAGAN moved the second reading of the Ministers' Money (Ireland) Bill.

Mr. BEAMISH seconded the motion.

Mr. NAPIER moved, as an amendment, that the second reading should be deferred for six months. The measure was, he declared, a direct invasion of the rights of property, and violated the legislative enactments finally concluded by the Church Temporalities Act. Observing that every successive Government for the past ten years had opposed the bill, he expressed his suspicion that Lord Palmerston had consented now to support it through some pressure from the Irish Members, and without having examined the question sufficiently to be aware of the very serious issues involved.

Sir G. GREY denied that the bill led to any such important consequences, or compromised either the faith of the legislature or the rights of property. The time was now arrived, according to his anticipation expressed some years ago, when a stop should be put to the collection of a tax which caused so much trouble and disturbance.

Mr. WHITBREAD said the tax was originally imposed by a lawful authority and for a good purpose; and why was this charge upon property, which had never been abused, to be repealed? The Hon. Member read an extract from a speech of Lord Palmerston, in which he declared that "the tax had nothing to do with any religious question; that it was a tax on property, and that it would be perfectly preposterous to make a rate upon a house to depend upon the religion of the owner."

Mr. HOBBSMAN pointed out that Ministers' money was a creation of Parliament. Its imposition was first established by an Act passed in 1665, and what Parliament had done he maintained that it was competent to undo.

Mr. BLAKE, in supporting the bill, related many instances of oppression, leading sometimes to acts of violent revenge, arising out of the attempts to enforce the obnoxious tax under discussion.

Sir F. THESIGER reiterated and enforced the argument that the Ministers' money belonged to the property assigned to the Protestant church in Ireland by the Act of Settlement, and confirmed by many subsequent enactments. It could not be touched without committing a violation of public faith and shaking the tenure on which all property was held in the United Kingdom.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL observed that the objections to the tax were founded on its practical operation. It was obnoxious to a large section of the community, was collected in a vexatious manner, and did more harm than the objects upon which it was expended could justify. True policy, therefore, counselled its abolition, a step for which, he believed, there were ample precedents.

Mr. WALPOLE likened the tax to the church-rate impost in England. Both were church property, and stood on the same principle, which could not be attacked without striking at the foundation of all property.

Lord PALMERSTON described the efforts that had been made by the Legislature, and especially in the act of 1851, to retain the tax, while depriving it of all obnoxious and irritating characteristics in the mode of its collection. Those endeavours had, however, failed, and the Government had accordingly come to the conclusion that no other course was available but a total abolition. This determination had been reached early in the last session, before a dissolution was expected, and without any reference—such as had been suggested by the opponents of Government—to the exigencies of a general election.

On a division, the second reading of the bill was carried by a majority of 313 to 174—139.

WEDNESDAY MAY 20.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS BILL.

Mr. ADDERLEY moved that the House go into committee on this bill.

Sir G. GREY said he did not think the House was prepared to-day to go on with the bill, as several Hon. Gentlemen deeply interested in it were absent. He should be sorry to vote against the bill; but if the Hon. Gentleman pressed his motion to a division, he should feel it his duty to vote against going into committee.

Lord GODERICH moved that the House go into committee this day three weeks, in order that the ratepayers may have further time to consider its provisions.

Mr. ADDERLEY thought the proposition to postpone the consideration of the bill was unreasonable, an opinion in which Mr. ROEBUCK concurred; but after some remarks from Mr. R. Palmer and Mr. Baines, who wished for the postponement of the bill, in order that it might be delivered of all crudities, Mr. Adderley consented to go into committee *pro forma*, and that the bill should be committed this day four weeks.

JUDGMENTS EXECUTION BILL.

The House went into committee on this bill, and amidst much discussion, and several attempts to postpone the consideration of the bill, in consequence of the absence of a large number of Irish Members, several clauses of the bill were agreed to.

THURSDAY, MAY 21.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Thursday being Ascension Day, was a dies non at the House of Lords.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MAYNOOTH.

Mr. SPOONER moved that the House should in committee consider the acts for the endowment of Maynooth, with a view to the withdrawal of any grant out of the Consolidated Fund, due regard being had to vested rights and interests. His objection to the Maynooth endowment was founded, he said, upon a sincere conviction that the education there imparted was subversive of true religion and morality, contrary to the spirit of our Protestant constitution, and antagonistic to the principle of civil and religious liberty.

General THOMPSON reduced the arguments presented by Mr. Spooner to this position—that when two sects contributed to a fund, only one should draw any advantage from it, for no other reason than because they were in the majority and had the power in their hands.

Mr. C. GILPIN hoped that the question of religious grants would soon be removed from that House, which did not meet, he said, to support orthodoxy or heterodoxy, but the equal rights of all good citizens.

Mr. HADFIELD spoke warmly against the appropriation of public money to any particular sect.

Upon a division, the motion was negatived by 125 to 91.

FRAUDULENT BREACH OF TRUST.—THE BRITISH BANK.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL moved for leave to bring in a bill to make fraudulent breaches of trust criminally liable. He proposed to make the fraudulent conversion by a trustee of property committed to his charge a criminal offence, providing that there should be no criminal proceeding against a trustee without the previous permission of one of the superior courts of law or the Attorney-General. Directors and managers of joint-stock companies would be rendered criminally responsible, by this bill, in cases of keeping false accounts, making false entries, issuing false representations accompanied by acts to give colour thereto, and paying dividends out of capital. These clauses would also extend to assignees of bankrupts and insolvents. The criminal liability would not interfere with civil remedies. Incidentally, the Attorney-General mentioned that he had now perused the evidence given respecting the case of the British Bank, and had determined to institute a prosecution against the directors of that establishment.

After some remarks from Mr. Malins, Mr. Napier, and Mr. Hadfield, the motion was agreed to, and leave given to bring in the bill.

Dr. LIVINGSTONE was presented with the freedom of the City of London on Thursday.

Mr. ROBERT BURNS, eldest son of the poet Burns, died at Dumfries on the 14th instant.

MANCHESTER AND THE ARTISTS OF ALL NATIONS.—Mr. W. B. Jerrold has written to one of the Manchester papers, suggesting that the artists of all nations, whose works are displayed in the Gallery of Modern Painters at the Art-Treasures Exhibition, should be invited to visit the great manufacturing city—a worthy suggestion which he asks the "cotton lords" to realize.

FEUKH KHAN, the Persian ambassador at Paris, was a few days ago elected a member of the "Oriental Society" of that city, and took the engagement, on his return to his own country, to contribute to the "Revue de l'Orient," which serves as its organ.

THE CHINESE COMPLICATIONS.—The "lorcha" affair is extending into a grand crusade of Christendom against the Celestial empire. Various reports on the subject have intimated that other Powers would intervene besides France and England. Although the United States do not join in an "entangling alliance," they send a commodore and a squadron. Sardinia is reported to be paying suit and service for her tenure in the councils of Europe by sending a naval contingent to the joint fleet. It must be on purely disinterested or political grounds, since Sardinia has no interest in the tea trade. Perhaps because Sardinia is expected in the waters of China, Austria also is to appear there; and Spain, it is said, will again send an armada round the Cape of Storms, to assist in this grand crusade. Are these reports correct, or are they only magnified by the Ministerial and Opposition journals? If they are true, what does the demonstration mean?

THE DESIGNS FOR THE NEW PUBLIC OFFICES.—The following noblemen and gentlemen have been selected to act as judges upon the designs for Public Offices now being exhibited in Westminster Hall:—The Duke of Buccleuch, as a Member of the House of Peers; Mr. Stirling, of Kier, as a Member of the House of Commons; Viscount Eversley, late the Speaker; Earl Stanhope, President of the Society of British Antiquaries; Mr. David Roberts, Member of the Royal Academy; Mr. Burn, Member of the Institute of British Architects; Mr. Brunel, Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers. It will be observed that no member either of the late or the present Government has been appointed.

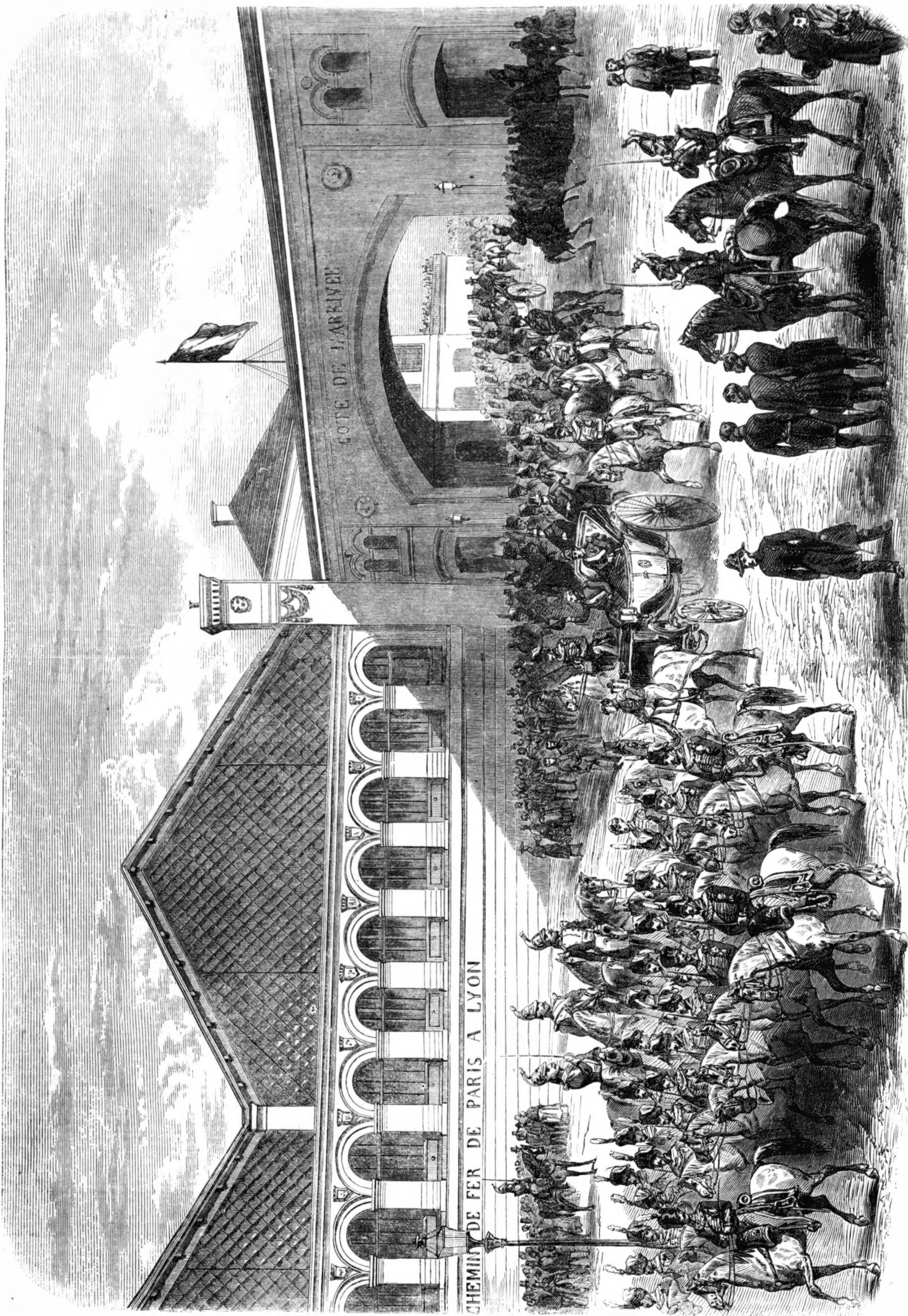
THE BISHOP OF LONDON AND THE TRACTARIAN CLERGY.—"We have learnt with considerable surprise," says the "Union," "that the Bishop of London has forbidden any cross being erected at St. Barnabas, either on the altar or elsewhere; refuses to permit the retention of the super altar, and claims—in direct contradiction of the late judgment—an absolute control over the kinds and colours of the altar frontals. His Lordship, who was invited by Mr. Westerton to visit the churches of St. Paul and St. Barnabas, is also said to have stated, in Mr. Westerton's presence, that 'the service was popish from beginning to end,' and that, as bishop of the diocese, he would aim at rooting out such practices."

STATUARY ADORNED.—A letter from Rome says:—"Everybody that pays a visit to Mr. Gibson's studio just now is enchanted with his bust of the Duchess of Wellington. It is a noble transcript of dignified and classical beauty. Mr. Gibson has presented his favourite coloured Venus with a pair of gold earrings, skillfully executed by the jeweller Castellani, from an antique pattern, and the marble goddess shakes them very coquettishly when she is turned round upon her pedestal before the eyes of admiring spectators. The boring of her ears was a source of great anxiety to the sculptor, although the operation was most cautiously performed by one of his best workmen, and supported with great fortitude by the Venus herself."

THE LAW IN AUSTRALIA.—In a letter to Messrs. Butterworth, the law-book-sellers of Fleet Street, Sir George Stephen gives some account of the state of his profession at Melbourne. "We have about eighty barristers and 200 attorneys. Perhaps fifty of the former and 200 of the latter get business—this may enable you to judge of our law market. Some of the attorneys make very large incomes—from £7,000 to £14,000 per annum. There may be half-a-dozen who are thus prosperous. The bulk of them, perhaps, realise from £800 to £1,500, and some few scarcely earn a subsistence. Among the barristers there are three, perhaps four, who make £5,000 per annum, about a dozen who make from £2,000 to £3,000, and the rest who get anything vary from £1,000 to £2,000. Many, however, get little or nothing, and several have lately abandoned the profession as a hopeless case. You may rely on this as a substantially accurate report of our professional position, if any of your friends make inquiry of you on the subject. The large majority both of barristers and attorneys are Irish, but the leading men in either branch are English. We have none of the first class, either as lawyers or advocates, but there are many who would cut a respectable figure in Westminster Hall, though there is certainly no excess of forensic decorum."

LIQUOR LAW IN NEW YORK.—The New York State Legislature has passed an act to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors. It contains the following clauses:—"No inn, tavern, or hotel keeper, who shall trust any person other than those who may be lodgers in his house, for any strong or spirituous liquors or wines, shall be capable of recovering the same by any suit." The sale of liquors "to be drunk on the premises" is entirely prohibited. Another section says:—"It shall not be lawful to sell intoxicating liquors to any person guilty of habitual drunkenness, nor to any person against whom the seller may have been notified by parent, guardian, husband, or wife, from selling intoxicating liquors. It shall be the duty of magistrates and overseers of the poor in any town or city, on complaint and satisfactory proof by a wife, that her husband is an habitual drinker of intoxicating liquors, to issue written notices to all dealers in intoxicating liquors, forbidding the sale or giving of such liquor to such husband for the term of six months from the date of the notice, under a penalty of 50 dollars."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE AT FAULT.—A labourer in the town of Newburg, U.S., going out early in the morning to finish sowing a field remote from any house, discovered in one of the furrows the nearly naked body of a handsome woman, the skull fractured and the throat showing marks of strangulation. The few clothes which covered her were arranged in an unskillful and unwomanly manner, showing that some masculine hand had probably tied them on after death, for the purpose of misleading and baffling inquiry. A cameo brooch found near the body was the only other clue to the mystery. The body was brought to Newburg, where soon one, and then another and another, without concert, recognised it as the body of a Miss Bloom. Inquiry was made, and it was found that Miss Bloom had disappeared since the preceding Tuesday, when she left (at nine o'clock at night) in company with one Jenkins. Jenkins (a married man) confessed that he had driven her, at her own request, five or six miles in the country, about midnight, had put her down within two hundred feet of the house to which she was going, and returned instantly to Newburg. Miss Bloom's sister was sent for, and at once recognised the body. The features were much discoloured; but a marked scar over the left eyebrow, a graze upon the elbow, a mole above the right knee, and a very unusual formation of the little toe of the right foot, were proofs of identity stronger even than the resemblance between the living and the dead face. The clothes and the cameo she had never seen before. A surgical examination supplied a motive why a married man should wish to commit such a deed. Jenkins was arrested, and the deceased Miss Bloom was buried at the public expense, in the midst of the assembled village. Scarcely, however, had the funeral train left the church, when the supposed deceased reappeared, to divide with the actual victim the wonder of the crowd. The extraordinary piece of circumstantial testimony was overthrown, and the accused Jenkins was set free.



ARRIVAL OF THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE IN PARIS: DEPARTURE FROM THE LYONS RAILWAY STATION.

THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE IN FRANCE

THE sojourn of the Grand Duke Constantine in France, like this blessed day of summer, becomes brighter as it draws to a close; if it also becomes cooler, that may be equally in the nature of things. His entry into Paris was marked by a great degree of ceremony, though it was observed that none of the foreign Ambassadors were among the company which assembled to meet him at the station. The station itself was decorated with great magnificence, but its chief splendour was in the host of Russian ladies, who, in *grande toilette*, gathered themselves together in bouquets there; while the Russian diplomatic corps, all in full uniform, added grandeur to the elegance of their countrywomen. It was commonly believed in Paris that the absence of all the other embassies was due to Lord Cowley; it was known that he would not lend his presence for the occasion, and it was therefore not thought expedient to invite other foreign ministers. Baron de Seebach, the famous negotiator, whose rapid journey

to St. Petersburg preceded the peace, was there, but in plain clothes. Among the Russian officers of distinction present were Generals Jomini and Lüders.

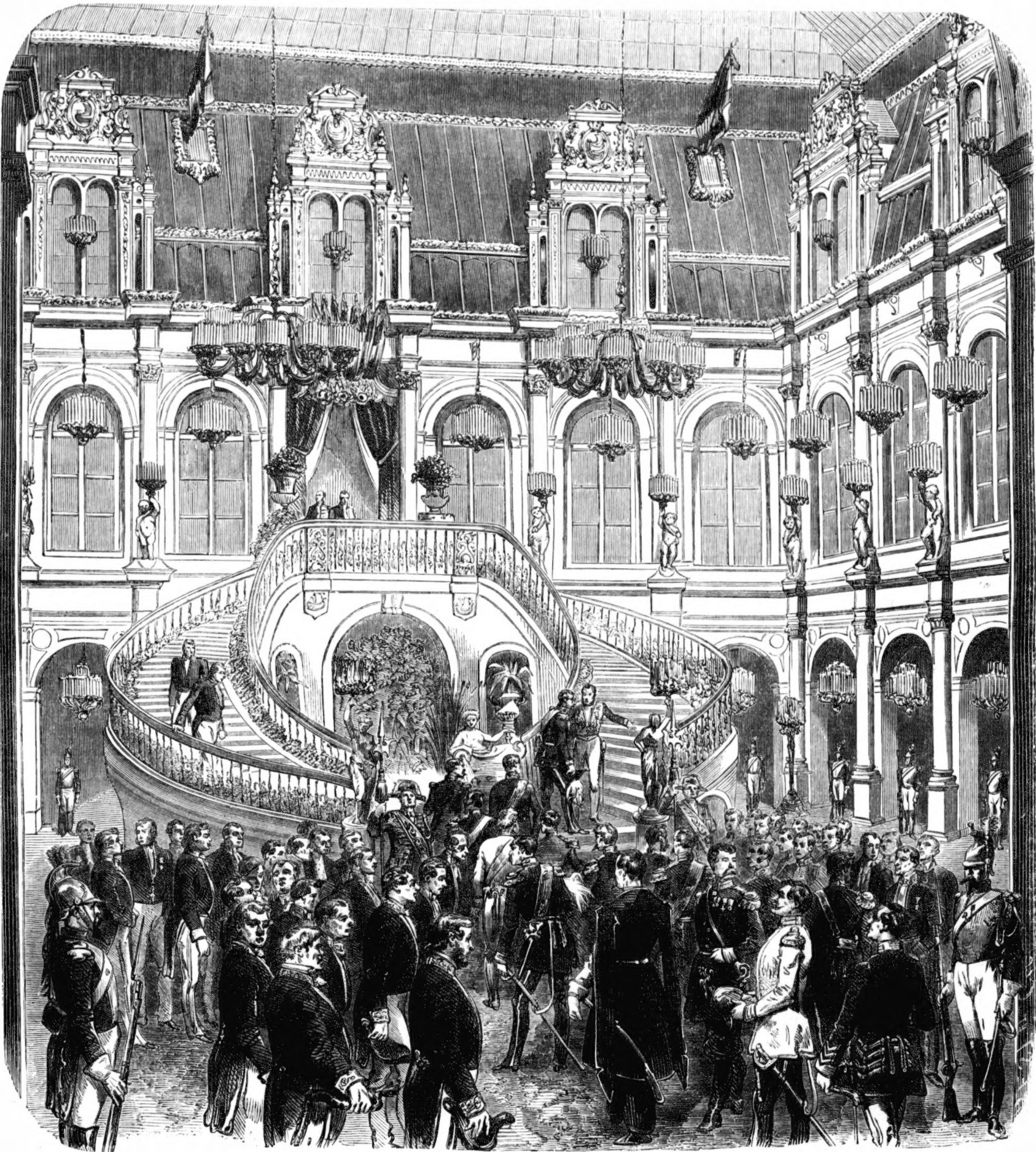
Prince Napoleon did much to allay any perturbation that might have been felt by the illustrious visitor, at the absence of the representatives of foreign Powers; he, Prince Napoleon, who was in waiting, went to the door of the railway carriage, and handed the Grand Duke out. Whether the Grand Duke appreciated this little bit of courtesy at its full value, we are not sure; for briefly shaking hands with the Prince, the Grand Duke advanced forthwith toward the members of the Russian embassy, and taking the hand of the chaplain, asked his blessing.

Prince Napoleon then motioned the Grand Duke towards the court carriage waiting to receive him, but the latter, with that eye to business which had been previously remarked at Toulon, expressed a wish first to inspect the troops drawn up opposite the station. The request was of

course complied with; and, the inspection over, the Duke took his seat in the carriage with the six horses which we last week referred to, and the *cortège* moved on.

A good many people were assembled on the Boulevards, and the Russian and French flags were hung out from several houses; but there were no cries, and nothing like enthusiasm. The general feeling was merely one of curiosity.

The reception of the Grand Duke at the railway station in Paris we make the subject of an illustration this week, as also of his Imperial Highness's reception at the Hotel de Ville, where he was afterwards fêted. The principal ball-room had been fitted up as a theatre, in which was given a scene from Rossini's "Moïse in Egitto," fragments from the "Psyche" of Ambrose Thomas, Verdi's "Irrausi," the same composer's "Romeo and Juliet," Gluck's "Armida," and a ballet. These pieces were performed by the regular company of the French opera, with appropriate dresses, scenery,



THE VISIT OF THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE TO THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

&c. The entertainment went off well, but without any great enthusiasm, and there was rather too much talking for the music to be enjoyed thoroughly. After the concert the prefect entertained the Grand Duke at supper. There was also a capital supper for the general visitors, who numbered 1,000 strong, but who, much as they revelled in champagne, saw little of the Grand Duke. He entered the theatre by a private door, and went to supper without passing through the rooms.

This is not the first time the Grand Duke has been upon his travels. In 1839 his father sent him on a tour. He visited the principal states of Europe, with the exception of France, whose Sovereign the Emperor Nicholas disliked and affected to undervalue. When his Imperial Highness found himself in the country, however, he determined to make the most of his visit. This he was generally supposed to have done already, when there appeared an intimation that he had at present viewed Paris before the footlights only, and desired to have a peep behind the curtain.

By a fiction which great personages find now and then convenient, the Grand Duke Constantine was supposed to quit Paris two days before he bodily turned his back on it. Like Jupiter when bent on a private excursion earthward, he laid aside his splendour in order to run about Paris unencumbered by state.

Meanwhile the Imperial visitor went to behold the magnificence of the old French Court—as it is revived at Fontainebleau. A grand stag-hunt inaugurated the residence of the Imperial Court there this season, and the Grand Duke was present at the ceremony. There were huntsmen all dressed in the Emperor's livery—green coat trimmed with silver lace, red breeches, and laced hat. Each huntsman had a horn suspended from his shoulder, and a knife suspended at his side. The Imperial party went to the forest in carriages, and *chairs-à-banc*. In the first of these latter were the Emperor and Empress with the grand Duke Constantine and the Prince of Nassau, their Majesties and the Princes being in the Court hunting costume,

consisting of a green coat with gold lace, the waistcoat red, the lower part of the dress being white, with high hunting-boots. The hat Louis XV., a hanger, and a whip, completed this engaging costume. Presently their Majesties and their more immediate party got on horseback, grooms having brought horses to the spot a few minutes before. A considerable number of the guests followed the example of their Majesties, horses being provided for all; and, as the Empress thought fit to follow the chase on horseback, of course it was the fashion for the ladies to follow the example, and accordingly a considerable number of them appeared on horseback, and all in uniform.

The Emperor impatiently gave the signal, and the chase commenced. The Emperor, Empress, Grand Duke, and Prince of Nassau were in the first line, etiquette as well as politeness interdicting their being headed at the commencement of the hunt. At length, however, the hunt became very much dispersed, and the stag giving the hunters a great deal of

trouble, the Emperor came back to the starting place a few hours after, and took some wine and water. The Empress, the Grand Duke, and the Prince of Nassau, meanwhile continued the chase. The Emperor himself made an attempt to regain it, but finding that impossible, returned to the palace, where the Empress and her party had already arrived.

About nine o'clock the Imperial party, on rising from dinner, placed themselves at the windows looking into the court to witness the amusing spectacle of breaking up the stag by torchlight. Nothing could be more curious than the strange effect of light and shade, as the blaze of the torches fell alternately on the huntsmen on horseback, the dogs held in by the grooms placed in charge of them, and the persons appointed to cut up the animal, according to the long established regulations of venery. When the head was separated from the body of the animal, the skin having been removed, the dogs were brought up three times to the parts of the body which they were to be permitted to make their own, and then, at a given moment, all were let loose together. Then a tremendous rush forward took place, and in a moment they had devoured the prey which the day's exertion had justly entitled them to. The horns sounded the *mort* at the same moment, but the furious barking of the hounds almost overpowered the sound. At last the grooms called the dogs in, and it was wonderful how soon their excitement was reduced to comparative quietness. They were then led away, and the scene concluded.

A splendid farewell dinner to the Grand Duke Constantine was given on Friday (the 15th) at the Russian Embassy. No speeches were made. His Imperial Highness went to the opera in the evening, and left Paris on Saturday night, by the Lyons Railway, to visit the great manufactory of steam engines of Le Creusot. From thence he returned to Paris on Monday, where, however, he did not stay, but went on to Bordeaux.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 42. ABORTIVE ATTEMPTS AT LAW-MAKING.

MR. PREAMBLE, M.P., after mature consideration, determined to bring a bill into the House, the object of which was to enact "that two and two do not make four." Let not the reader start at the absurdity of such an enactment, for we can assure him that it is a type of many of the bills which Honourable Members attempt to pass, and sometimes succeed in getting stamped with the authority of law. It may be alleged that it contradicts the great and unalterable law of nature, and the allegation is true; but do not many human laws do the same? However, be that as it may, we will not dispute the matter; our object is now simply to show how Mr. Preamble set to work to carry his bill.

GIVES NOTICE.

First, he went to the Clerk of the House, and asking for the notice book, he placed thereon this sentence:—"Mr. Preamble to move that leave be given to bring in a bill," &c. This notice in due course was printed on the notice paper the next day; and the next day Mr. Preamble was in his place, anxiously waiting to move, when called upon in his turn—move his bill, we mean, for move himself he hardly dared to do. It is true there were some notices before his, and whilst they were being discussed, the reader may possibly think that the Hon. Member might go home and dine, or into the refreshment-room to wine, or down below to smoke; but Mr. Preamble is an old Member of the House, and knew well that some of these prior notices might pass quickly. Some drop through because the proposers were out of the way—and perhaps whilst he was dining or winning or smoking, his name might be called, and his notice be passed over.

MOVES FOR LEAVE AND FIRST READING.

So he stopped and stopped until about twelve o'clock, when at last he heard the welcome voice of Mr. Speaker call out, "Mr. Preamble." Whereupon the Hon. Member arose, and spoke thus:—"Sir, I ask leave to bring in a Bill to enact that two and two do not make four."—"The question is," said Mr. Speaker, "that leave be given to bring in a Bill," &c. Usually at this stage there is no opposition, for as the Members have not seen the Bill, it is considered but courteous to allow it to be printed, and reserve all opposition for another stage. And on this occasion no one arose to whisper an objection; and so Mr. Speaker proceeded—"Those that are of that opinion, say *Aye*; those that are of the contrary, say *No*. The *Ayes* have it." It is true that nobody said "Aye," and nobody said "No;" but the House acts according to the old saw, "Silence gives consent." Leave, therefore, was given to Mr. Preamble to bring in the bill. But his duties were not over for the evening yet. "Leave to bring it in" was all that was given at present. It was not yet brought in. And so Mr. Preamble had to wait until all the other business of the night was finished, and then he went and stood at the Bar of the House with his bill in his hand—no, not his bill, but a piece of paper tied up with green tape, whereon was written the title of the bill, and which is technically called "A dummy." And at length Mr. Speaker called out again, "Mr. Preamble!" "Bill, Sir," was the reply. "Bring it up," answered Mr. Speaker. And then the Hon. Member took it up, bowing as he went, and delivered it to the Chief Clerk, who read the title. And then Mr. Speaker, without more ado, put the question "that it be read a first time," and then declared that "the *Ayes* have it." Let it not be supposed, however, that the bill was really read. Bills are never read in the House. "Reading a bill" is a mere parliamentary phrase, meaning nothing more than the bill is moved a stage. Mr. Speaker next called upon Mr. Preamble to name another conductor of the bill, for there must be two, and fix a day for the second reading; and then Mr. P. went home. His bill is now brought in. The date of this event was, say the 10th of April—not this session, but any session which the reader may choose; and now Mr. Preamble had the happiness of seeing his measure stand upon the notice paper as "an order of the day;" that is to say, as one of those measures which the House has ordered to be taken into consideration. And those of our literary readers who can remember the sensations which they experienced when they first saw an article of theirs in print, can alone enter into Mr. Preamble's feelings when on his breakfast table he first saw his bill amongst the parliamentary "orders of the day." This bill will pass, said he to himself—it will become an Act; and why should it not be called by the name of its promoter, like "Stargis Bourne's Act," &c., and quoted in future ages, in courts of justice, as "Preamble's Act?"

HOPE DEFERRED.

But the Hon. Member was too old a bird to think, in his sober moments, that the bill was safe, or to relax his energies to get it passed; and so, night after night, he took his seat to wait his turn with the most assiduous patience. But his bill was low down on the paper; and then there came a three nights' debate on an important measure involving the fate of the Government—then the Estimates—then the Easter Holidays—then one night, when it might have come on, Mr. Preamble was obliged to leave, and commission a friend to put it off; then Estimates again, pressing Government bills, Whitsuntide Holidays—until the first week in June arrived, and poor Mr. Preamble's bill still stuck where it was on the 10th of April.

SECOND READING.

At last, on the 7th of June, at 11.30, Mr. Preamble heard the joyful words proceed from the Clerk—"Bill to enact that two and two do not make four;" and immediately afterwards found himself upon his legs, moving "that the bill be now read a second time," and after a sharp debate, had the gratification of hearing the question put, and Mr. Speaker declare that "the *Ayes* had it."

Of course Mr. Preamble was a happy man that night, and hardly slept a wink; and when he did, dreamed the most joyous dreams. And yet there was really but small occasion for his joy, as the sequel will show. "The bill now stood thus upon the order paper:—"Bill, &c. (Committee)," which meant that the next stage was the passing the bill through the committee of the whole House, when it would have to be examined clause by clause. In consequence of the great pressure of business, day after day, and week after week glided away; and night after night, night after night, poor Mr. Preamble waited until far into the morning, expecting to get his bill; and once, when it was called at half-past twelve, he made a desperate attempt to get the Speaker out of the chair, but it was useless, for when all other means failed one of his opponents counted out the House.

LAND A-HEAD.

On the 6th of July, however, an auspicious moment arrived. Several matters went off unexpectedly; and at half-past eight Mr. Preamble found himself in possession of the House. Of course it was with no small pleasure that he rose to move, according to form, that "the Speaker do now leave the chair," which means, as our readers know, that the House resolve itself into a committee to consider the bill. But, alas! the pleasure was but short; for, on the motion being put, up rose that awful dragon, the Right Hon. Member for the University of Oxford, who had been observed for an hour past sitting back with his hat over his face, and by his side a pile of books. "I wish to know," said the Right Hon. Gentleman, "whether the Hon. Member really means to press this singular measure at this late period of the session; and I also wish to inquire whether Her Majesty's Government intend to support it." Mr. Preamble replied in the affirmative; but what of Her Majesty's Government? The Hon. Member being an ardent supporter of the Government, and having not yet heard a whisper of opposition from that quarter, naturally thought that he had the Government's sanction. But, alas! the Hon. Member was mistaken. The Government all along never intended that the Bill should pass; but as the Hon. Member was one of their best friends, they would not hazard offending him by open opposition. And so they did as they had often done before: they allowed the Hon. Member to go on, knowing full well that with the means in their power it would be easy so to interpose obstacles to secure delay, and at last to make it impossible that the Bill should pass, not apparently from direct opposition, but from want of time. But now the crisis has come. An answer must be given to such a plain and direct question: and here it is. If the reader wishes to know who made it, let him consult Hansard. "I can assure my Hon. Friend (Mr. Preamble) that the Government highly appreciate the learning and ability which he has brought to bear upon this important subject; and at one time the Government had great hopes that the Bill might have been, with some amendments, passed this session. But as the time has so far advanced, and as the Bill is likely to meet with great opposition, both here and in 'another place,' and as the time of the House is now so extremely valuable, the Government would put it to the good sense of the Hon. Member, whether it would not be wise to withdraw the measure, devote the vacation to a re-consideration of the question, and bring it forward next session, rather than waste the time of the House in discussing a Bill which long experience must teach him it will be quite impossible to pass."

WRECKED.

After this there was no alternative. Mr. Preamble was going to make a long speech over his "slaughtered innocent;" but his feelings were too excited, so he quietly withdrew his Bill amidst the cheers of the House, and "with the cordial thanks of Her Majesty's Government for his prompt compliance with what was so evidently the wish of the House." And then Mr. Preamble went home in much the same mood as a mother is when the child she has suckled, dandled, and hoped to see grow up to be a man, suddenly vanishes from her sight. This is the way, then, that Mr. Preamble tried to work his little Bill through the House; this is the way that he was shunned on; and this is the way that he failed at last. And we have given his history, because it has been the history of hundreds; and the same history is going on now, and is one of the most remarkable features of the "Inner Life" of the House of Commons. But there is something worse than even this. Mr. Preamble was sincere, though the Government was not; but we have known many cases in which neither the proposers nor Government were sincere. The proposers were merely talking to Bunkum, and the Government knowing this allowed them to talk, and apparently sanctioned the measure. Take the Irish Tenant Right Bill, which is annually introduced and sanctioned by the Government. Does anyone suppose that the proposers wish this measure to pass? It is well known in the House that the whole business is a farce; and that when Messrs. Moore and Co. are eloquently perorating upon the wrongs of Ireland, and rating the Government for its cold support of this "important measure;" and when Lord Palmerston is expressing his anxiety that the measure may be made really beneficial; and the Irish Secretary proposing measures, they are all only acting a farce, the wind-up of which is meant to be the "discharging of the bill."

"BEARDED LIKE THE PARD."

WE lately took a flight of ours into the Gallery of the House of Commons, and the first thing that he said when he had taken a survey of the Members was, "Why, what a black-looking set they are." Now this dark aspect of the Honourable Gentlemen had not struck us before, because the beard movement has been gradual; but, on reflection, we were not surprised at the exclamation of our friend—for it is an undoubted fact that every year the House does present a more hirsute appearance than it did the last; and if this movement should go on, as it bids fair to do, in a few years there will not be such a bearded assembly in the world as the British House of Commons. Mr. Muntz, the Honourable Member for Birmingham, it is well known, for years has sported a most formidable beard; but this was attributed to an affection of singularity. It is now, however, shown that the Honourable Member was only slightly in advance of the time. At present—though no man in the House can show such a beautiful Rembrandt beard as Mr. Muntz does—there are several Members who are following in his wake, and who will soon look as much like an old Jewish rabbi as he does. For instance, the Honourable Mr. Littleton is not far behind Mr. Muntz, for his beard nearly touches his breast; and there are several other Members who are evidently determined, by the most approved mode of cultivation, to attain to an equally luxuriant crop of hair. This session the beard movement has taken quite a leap; for at least a third of the new Members either keep the whole of the lower part of the face "under crop," or else preserve but a small portion of it "tallow." Mr. White, of Plymouth, clearly means to contest the palm with Mr. Muntz; and, if Nature assist, he will shortly be the most formidable-looking man in the House. He is larger than the Honourable Member for Birmingham, standing at least six feet high, and is of proportionate bulk. He eschews the razor altogether; and, moreover, his beard is jetty black. Of course all the military men in the House wear the moustache. We believe that the regulations do not admit of the beard proper; but as they allow large whiskers, the shaved part of the face is often exceedingly small. Amongst the gentlemen of the army, Captain Scott, of Maidstone, has the most singular appearance. He does not wear a beard; but his large glossy black whiskers, and his bushy moustache protruding from under a remarkable hooked nose, make us involuntarily think of Moorish scymitars, and shudder. Sir William Frazer has also a striking moustache, which gives to his face a very brigandish look; and so has Colonel Sykes. Sir William Williams of Kent sports only a neat moustache, shaving every other part of his face as close as a quaker. Sir William Russell does the same—whilst Lord Robert Clinton wears his moustache, shaves his chin, and lets his sandy whiskers hang down at their own sweet will on each side of his face so low as to nearly touch his breast. Captain Damer, who is as tall and bulky as Colonel Dunne, whom he supplanted at the late election for Portlinton, wears no moustache, but a red beard of considerable promise. Mr. Beresford Hope, when he arose to address the House on Monday night, startled it by the darkness of his appearance. His hair is black as jet, and we should say that he seldom avails himself of the services of either the hairdresser or the barber. Mr. Coningham, of Brighton, also wears all the hair that nature has allotted to him. But it would require a volume to describe all the vagaries that this movement has run into. Some of the beards are long and flowing; others, like that of Mr. Richardson, the late member for Lisburn, are thick and short, and "show like a stubble land at harvest home," or rather like a blacking brush; others are close cut, curly; and if the reader will further consider the variety of colour—the black, like Muntz's; the gray, like Dalglish's of Glasgow; the sandy, the red—it can be easily imagined that the House has rather a curious appearance, as seen from the Reporters' Gallery with the afternoon sun streaming through the windows. To show how far we have advanced, we have only to look at Sir George Smart's large picture of the first Reform Parliament, which hangs in the tea-room. There you see an assembly of at least 500 members, and there is not even a moustache to be found. Beards of course would have been deemed monstrosities in those days, and whiskers singular if they advanced beyond the "mutton chop" limits.

OBITUARY.

OWING to the demands upon our space made by subjects of more immediate interest during the past few weeks, we have been compelled to postpone our usual summary of the lives of those on whom the hand of death has been laid. We are this week, however, enabled to resume our notices.

On Thursday, the 30th ult., aged 81, died at Gloucester House, Park Lane, the Duchess of Gloucester, the last survivor of the once numerous family of King George III. She was the fourth daughter of that King, and born, 1776. In July, 1816, at the age of 40, the Princess was married to her cousin, the late Duke of Gloucester. It is probably not generally remembered at this interval of time, that the union of the Duke of Gloucester with the Princess so recently deceased was one not of political expediency, but of individual choice and personal attachment, though it was delayed for many years through circumstances. The Duke died in 1834, and was faithfully attended through his fatal illness by his Duchess, whose death has so recently occurred after a widowhood of more than twenty-two years. She was most kind and benevolent in her private character, and excellent in every relation of life. She was highly popular among the aristocracy, and indeed among all who were brought in any way into contact with her, and her loss will be felt widely and extensively. The funeral of the deceased Duchess took place at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on Friday the 8th inst.

M'GREGOR, JOHN.—At Boulogne, on the 23rd ult., Mr. John M'Gregor, late M.P. for Glasgow. Mr. M'Gregor was a Scotchman by birth, parentage, and education. He was born at Stornoway, Ross-shire, in 1797. At an early age, entering only an ordinary school teaching, he was placed in a mercantile house in Canada, and became intimately acquainted with the colonies of North America on the Atlantic and within the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He was afterwards in business in Liverpool. His mercantile speculations were there unfortunate, and indeed, rarely at any period of life successful. He first became known as an author by the publication, in 1832, of two octavo volumes, entitled "British America." Afterwards he was employed in commercial missions to Germany, Austria, Paris, Naples, &c.; and from December, 1839, until August, 1847, was joint secretary to the Board of Trade. Amongst his literary productions were—"Commercial Statistics," and "Progress of America from the Discovery by Columbus to the year 1847." He had been for some months past declining in health—oppressed by pecuniary difficulties, and painfully involved in the fall of the Royal British Bank, of which he had been the original "governor." He had resigned that office three years previous to its recent bankruptcy; but the disclosures as to the mismanagement of the institution, and his own considerable and unsecured debt to the unfortunate shareholders, overwhelmed a shattered body and a wounded spirit. A bilious fever and paralytic affection, it is said, terminated his physical and mental sufferings.

BOLTON, LADY.—On the 22nd ult., died Catherine, Lady Bolton. Her Ladyship was the niece of Horatio, Viscount Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar, and niece of the present Earl Nelson, being the daughter of the Admiral's eldest sister, Susannah, who married the late Thomas Bolton, Esq., of Wells, Norfolk. She married her cousin, the late Sir William Bolton, captain in the navy, who died in 1830.

RYDER, LADY FRANCES.—On the 17th ult., in Grosvenor Square, aged thirty-two, died the Lady Frances Ryder, the eldest and only surviving daughter of the present Earl of Harrowby.

SCOTT, THE HON. LADY.—On the 20th ult., at Petersham, Surrey, aged seventy-three, died the Hon. Lady Scott, widow of Vice-Admiral Sir George Scott, K.C.B., daughter of Archibald, first Lord Douglas of Douglas, and sister of James, fourth and last Lord Douglas, whose death was recently recorded in our columns.

EVERARD, MAJOR-GENERAL.—On the 20th ult., at Southsea, died Major-General Mathias Everard, C.B. and K.H. He entered the army in 1804, and led the forlorn hope at Monte Video in 1807, for which service he was rewarded with the freedom of the city of Dublin. He served in the unfortunate expedition to Walcheren, and took part in the siege of Flushing. He was also at the battle of Corunna, and served in India with distinction under Lord Combermere, from 1816 to 1826. He became a major-general in 1851, and was in the enjoyment of a life pension of £200 a year.

ASHBURN, LADY.—At Paris, on the 4th inst., died Lady Ashburn. Her Ladyship had passed the last winter at Nice, and reached Paris on her way to England, having, as it was hoped, overcome the malady under which she ultimately sank. Lady Ashburn was the eldest daughter of the sixth Earl of Sandwich, and was married to the present Lord Ashburn, then Mr. Eingham Baring, in 1823.

RADSTOCK, LORD.—On the 11th inst., at his residence in Portland Place, aged 70, died the right Hon. Granville George Waldegrave, second Lord Radstock. His Lordship, who was a vice-admiral in the navy, a C.B., and a naval aide-de-camp, was the eldest surviving son of the first lord, who was himself a son of the third Earl of Waldegrave, and was raised to the Peerage of Ireland as Lord Radstock in 1800 for his services in command of the British fleet off Cape Lagos. The Peer recently deceased entered the navy at an early age, and as a midshipman distinguished himself on several occasions by his daring and gallantry. He afterwards took part in more than one engagement on the Italian coast, and assisted at the destruction of the batteries at the mouth of the Rhone in 1812.

HODGES, T. LAW, ESQ.—On the 14th inst., at Hamstead, near Cranbrook, Kent, aged 80, died Thomas Law Hodges, Esq., late M.P. for the Western Division of that county. He was the eldest son of the late Thomas Hall Hodges, Esq., High Sheriff of Kent in 1786, by Dorothy, daughter of John Cartwright, Esq., of Marham, Norfolk; he was born June 3rd, 1776, and married, February 16th, 1802, Rebecca, the only child of Sir Roger Twysden, Bart., of Bradburn Park, by whom he had one son and six daughters. He was a magistrate for Sussex and Kent, a deputy-lieut. for the latter county, and was formerly Major in the West Kent regiment of Militia. He represented the county of Kent before the Reform Bill, and subsequently sat for the Western Division in no less than five Parliaments. He is succeeded in his estates by his eldest son, Thomas Twysden Hodges, Esq., formerly M.P. for Rochester.

SIVERA LEONE, BISHOP OF.—On the 25th of March, at Sierra Leone, died the Right Rev. Dr. John Wills Weeks, bishop of that diocese. He had only returned on the 17th of that month from visiting the stations of the Yoruba Mission of the Church Missionary Society. The "Record" says:—"His career as a bishop, though short, was remarkable. He had established in the colony a native ministry. Seven native catechists were admitted by him to the episcopate in Sierra Leone, and four in Abokoko. His predecessor, Bishop Vidal, was only fourteen months in actual residence in this unhealthy diocese. Bishop Weeks was some two months longer. The one was struck down while young and full of life and hope; the other had been a veteran in his Master's service, and he laid amongst those to whom his name had been as a 'household word.' He was formerly incumbent of St. Thomas's Church, in the Waterloo Road, Lambeth, and was consecrated in 1856."

FITZ-ROY, LORD WILLIAM, K.C.B.—On the 13th inst., died at his residence, East Sheen, Surrey, the Right Hon. Lord William Fitz-Roy, K.C.B., and Admiral of the White, aged 75. He was the third son of the third Duke of Grafton (and uncle of the present Duke) by his second wife, daughter of the late Rev. Sir R. Wrottesley, Bart. He was born in 1782, and entered the navy in 1794. He commanded the *Eolus* frigate in Sir Richard Sturges's action, in 1805, and at the reduction of Martinique, in 1809. In the following year he was appointed to the *Macedonia* frigate on the Lisbon station, and was sentenced to be dismissed the service for having put the master in irons. This sentence, however, was reversed on appeal to the authorities at home, in 1811, when his Lordship was restored to his rank. He was made a K.C.B. in 1840, and in 1855 became full Admiral. He was M.P. for Thetford from 1806 to 1818. He had lived for many years at East Sheen, where he kept up a large literary acquaintance; he delighted more particularly in the society of autograph collectors, and for many years was in possession of probably the most perfect collection of "franks" of peers and members of Parliament that has ever been made in this country. The specimens extend as far back, we believe, as the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, in whose time the Post-Office and the official privilege of "franking" took their origin. This privilege was abolished on the carrying out of Mr. R. Hill's penny-postage system, January 10, 1840.

MACDONELL, SIR J., G.C.B.—On the 15th inst., at his residence in Wilton Place, died General Sir James Macdonell, G.C.B., aged seventy-eight. He was a son of the late Duncan Macdonell, of Glangarry, and entered the army in 1796. He served through the Peninsular war, and at Waterloo, where he was in the 2nd Brigade of the 1st Division, under Sir John Byng, now Earl of Strathford. He was at that time a lieutenant-colonel in the Coldstream Guards, and he held the building of Hougoumont against an overwhelming French force with great intrepidity. For his services on this occasion, he was made a Companion of the Bath; he became a K.C.B. in 1838, and was promoted to the honour of a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath in 1855.

HAGGERSTON, SIR E., BART.—On the 16th instant, at Hexham, aged 60, died Sir Edward Haggerston, seventh Baronet of Haggerston Castle, Northumberland. He was grandson of the fourth Baronet, and succeeded to the title and estates on his brother's death in 1842. He was a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Northumberland, and represented a family which has always adhered to the Roman Catholic faith. The baronetcy has passed to his next brother, John, formerly a captain in the army. The title was originally conferred by Charles I. on Thomas Haggerston of Haggerston Castle, who raised a troop of horse in the Royal cause, and who traced his pedigree up to one of the Scottish barons who swore fealty to King Edward in 1296.

ON THURSDAY, May 14th, there was launched from the ship-building yard of Henry Harvey, Little Hampton, a superior clipper brig of about 360 tons burthen and named "Her Majesty."

GENERAL TODTLKEN has been consulted by the Piedmontese Government about the fortifications of the new arsenal at Spezia, and is expected to arrive at Turin almost immediately, thence to go and inspect the place.

POSTAL DISTRICT MAP OF LONDON, (Size 2 Feet 3 Inches by 3 Feet.)

The above map will be procured of the Agents for the "Illustrated Times," but it will not be sold separately from No. 100 of the Paper, the price of which, with the Map, is 5d.; or the Map and Paper will be sent, Post free, from the Office on the receipt of Seven Stamps.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VULCAN can find the elementary work on architecture, of which he is in want, at any respectable bookseller's. He errs in supposing the Greek order of architecture was not adopted by the Romans. The fact of the portico of the Mansion House being built in imitation of a Roman model, is not a sufficient reason for constructing a London house on the top of it.

ERRATA.—The portrait in our last Number described as that of W. Beresford (North Essex) was so named in error: it really represented Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P. for Maidstone. Again, the photographs from which the portraits of the Hon. R. Dutton and Mr. Samuel Warren were engraved were attributed to Mr. Mayall, instead of to Mr. John Watkins, of 34, Parliament Street. The memoir of Mr. E. B. Denison, the Member for the West Riding, also contained an error. The paragraph referring to the interest taken by him in church clocks and bells really applied to his son, the designer of the large bell in the Houses of Parliament Clock-tower. A Correspondent has also pointed out that in these biographical notes we frequently make use of a phrase similar to the following—"paired with Mr. Cobden on the China question;" whereas we ought to have said—"paired in favour of Mr. Cobden's motion," etc. Our correspondent thinks that unless this explanation is given, some of our readers may imagine that the member alluded to paired the other way.

* * * Owing to the interest which at the present moment naturally attaches to the anticipated nuptials of the Princess Royal with Prince Frederick William of Prussia, we have let the portraits which we had prepared of these two Royal personages take the place this week of the parliamentary series commenced in last week's paper. We shall continue these, however, in our next.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1857.

THE NEW MUSEUM READING-ROOM.

This great addition to our British Museum was opened to students last Monday—an event of too much importance in the intellectual history of the country not to call for our special remark and congratulation. Such a service to Literature happily matches the Northern service to Art, and both are all the more welcome in a dull session and with a new Parliament.

The public have been duly made acquainted in our own and other journals with the architectural history and appearance of the building—and thousands have visited it and seen it for themselves. Suffice it to say, that it is the finest public reading-room in the world, both in size, beauty, and convenience. So far, then, we have done something to remove from the country the reproach of being behind the rest of Europe in the magnificence of its public works. Here is one, at least, of modern construction, which can be shown with pride. If, as we are told, the merit of the invention and design be due to Mr. Panizzi, that gentleman has amply repaid England for the success which he has derived from her.

The great object now must be to assimilate the whole management of the library to the room in which the treasures of the library are to be used—to make the one worthy of the other. No doubt, there has been a great deal of complaint during the last few years with the institution: there was a want of catalogues—there was a want of personal assistance from properly-constituted officials—there was a want of recently-published books;—and when a reader found himself suffering from all these, in an execrable atmosphere, he was apt to come away in a very irritable frame of mind. Often, the grumbling came from persons whose knowledge of the difficulty of organising a great library was limited, indeed, and who had by no means made the most of the advantages which the Museum *did* afford them. But, still, allowing for this—allowing for the impatience of small complainers—there has long been great room for improvement—and the officials (we are glad to observe) show that they are fully conscious of it. Some improvements have already made their appearance since the readers have resumed their studies under the new and stately dome. A great number of books have been added to the number of those which can be consulted immediately, without the trouble of sending for them—and the process of sending has been facilitated by several improvements in organisation. A new general catalogue has made considerable progress, and many volumes of it are in full use in the new room.

But the most valuable feature of the novel organisation is the presence of a leading official of the library in the Reading-Room, to be consulted by the public. Those who have read Mr. Carlyle's evidence (which attracted so much attention in connection with the Museum some years ago), will remember that he specially complained of the want of such aid—comparing it disadvantageously with the practice of the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh. The objection holds good no longer. A gentleman, equally distinguished for his attainments and for his readiness to let others enjoy the advantage of them—thoroughly familiar with his work, in fact—performs the new office. This advantage, together with the progress of the new catalogue, marks an epoch in the history of libraries; and, indeed, we feel pretty sure, from our inquiries, that the literary accommodation of the Museum is superior to that of the libraries of either Paris or Rome.

We make no secret of the importance we attach to progress in this department, because it is connected with the intellectual progress of the whole kingdom. It is a fact well known to men of letters, that scarcely a work of any pretension in history, or biography, or criticism, appears, without being indebted to our national collection of books—while knowledge flows in our periodical literature through a myriad of rivulets, all owing something to that parent lake. Perhaps the most valuable feature too, of all, is the wealth of the Museum in matter belonging to our own history, which (in one form or other) is the most interesting and wholesome study for our own people. Yet, even apart from this, the humblest reading man can command editions of classics, and early European writers, which would have gladdened the eyes of Gibbon or Gray. It is impossible but that such facilities must powerfully affect the cultivation of succeeding generations.

In conclusion, we are glad to be able to say so much of anything new done by a national establishment in these days, when national establishments provoke such incessant demands for reform. It is pleasanter (whatever some old fogies may think) to praise than to grumble; and we hope the authorities of the Museum will, by still farther pushing their activity, give people another opportunity of praising them at some future day.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE INFANT PRINCESS will, we understand, take place in the middle of next month, the sponsors being their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Royal, and Prince Frederick William of Prussia. The Princess will receive the names of Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore.

THE QUEEN will hold drawing-rooms at St. James's Palace on Saturday the 6th and on Tuesday the 23rd of June, and a levée on Thursday the 18th of June.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT against that of China arises, it is said, not only from the execution of a French missionary, named Chappeline, but because the Mandarin who committed that act of barbarity caused the treaty signed between France and the Celestial Empire to be solemnly burnt on a pile of wood.

AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE on Wednesday week, in raising the velvet curtain at the beginning of the fourth act of "Richard III.," it took fire by coming in contact with the gas-lights. Mrs. Keen was on the stage, and she entreated the audience to be calm. The blaze was soon extinguished; but many persons left the theatre in alarm, and the performances altogether terminated.

THE SENTENCE OF DEATH ON THOMAS MANSKILL, convicted at Maidstone of murdering his comrade—which was to have been executed on Monday last—is respite till Monday, the 22nd of June. The Attorney-General has issued a new fiat, to have the case raised at the trial argued before the Exchequer Chamber.

CAPTAIN GEORGE GREVILLE WELLESLEY, R.N., C.B., has been sworn in Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Navy.

SOME SAYINGS BANK STATISTICS have just been published. They show the total amount owing to depositors on the 30th of November, 1855, £31,135,525; the total amount invested with the National Debt Commissioners, £33,956,105; the rate of interest paid to depositors (on the average), £3 18s. 8d. per cent.

A SERIES OF SUNDAY EVENING SERMONS, at Exeter Hall, for the working classes, under the sanction of the Bishop of London, are to commence next Sunday, with a discourse by the Bishop of Carlisle. The doors will be opened at half-past five. The service will begin punctually at half-past six. The body of the hall and the platform will be thrown open for the working classes.

CHINESE SILK-WORMS have been introduced into the French department of the Gard. These worms cast their skin in half the time of the French and Italian breed; and as the silk-worm suffers peculiarly from disease at that stage, the Chinese species have a manifest advantage.

VIDOCQ, the celebrated French thief-taker and spy, has just died, at the age of seventy-eight. He is the original of Balzac's character of Vautrin.

THE CHIEF CLERKS OF THE DIFFERENT POLICE-COURTS have been required to make a return of the number of convictions under the Protection to Women Act, in such a form as to show whether the act has been of use or otherwise in diminishing the number of assaults on women.

SOMETHING MORE THAN A "SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY" has been established at Melbourne, for the banks and insurance-offices now close as early as twelve o'clock on that day, in accordance with the request of the mercantile community.

THE GENIAL WEATHER which has at length set in, cheers the French with a hope of abundance of corn and wine, while the mulberry-trees on which the silk-crop depends are recovering from the effects of the cold winds. The price of grain, after a sudden rise, has given way again.

AN ASSOCIATION has been formed among our leading architects, with the view of circulating amongst its members, in return for an annual subscription of a guinea, a series of photographs of edifices distinguished for architectural beauty and character.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT has bestowed the military medal on 118 non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the Sardinian army, and on 12 petty-officers and sailors of the royal navy.

THE BANK OF MR. LAWE, at Preston, closed last week in consequence of the sudden death of that gentleman. The bank, we believe, is perfectly solvent, but as Mr. Lawe died intestate and left no partner, it becomes necessary to suspend payment until his affairs can be wound up.

THE CARRIAGES OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY are being fitted up with gas.

IN SCOTLAND, it has been decided that an illegitimate son is bound to support his mother.

A FOG BELL is to be placed on Tiamborough Head.

A LETTER FROM MR. JAMES SADLER, who is at present residing in Paris, appears in the Dublin papers. The writer denies that he had anything to do with the speculations of his late brother, for whose sins he complains he is now suffering.

THE QUEEN'S YACHT is under orders to be got ready for sea for her Majesty's service.

PRINCE ALFRED AND PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA are expected soon to arrive at Osborne.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT has decided to construct, in future, none but small frigates, capable of navigating in shallow waters.

THE REPORT that the Duke of Devonshire's health had failed, is contradicted.

TWO VALUABLE DIAMONDS were lately found in the crop of a pea-hen, which was purchased in the West Indies, and killed on board the vessel Coral Isle.

FRENCH CONVICTS will still be sent to Cayenne, until the establishment of a penal colony in New Caledonia, which cannot be accomplished in less than two years.

THE MAYOR OF MANCHESTER has received an autograph letter from Prince Albert, expressing a high sense of the attention shown to his Royal Highness during his recent sojourn at Abney Hall, and begging the acceptance by Mrs. Watts of a valuable bracelet as a memorial of the visit.

A BRONZE MEDAL has been published, commemorative of the opening of the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition.

THE TITLE AND DIGNITY OF BARON OF THE UNITED KINGDOM has been conferred upon Sir Jaanetjee Jejeebhoy, Knight, of Bombay.

AT THE EDINBURGH THEATRE, last week, while the audience were eagerly listening to the last act of "Othello," a young woman, in a state of intoxication, fell from the gallery. The performance was stopped, and the woman carried to the Infirmary.

NEWCASTLE PRISON IS TO BE REBUILT, on an improved plan, so as to permit the adoption of the separate system. The reconstruction will be carried on bit by bit, so that the jail will still be used for prisoners during the progress of the work.

THE REPORTED "ATTACK UPON A ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP" during the late Longford election, turns out to be unfounded.

THE BOW STREET MAGISTRATE has decided that a commercial traveller's dog-cart, having no outward signs of trading purposes upon it, is entitled to pass through St. James's Park as a "private carriage."

THE FESTIVAL OF THE SONS OF THE CLERGY was held on Wednesday week, with service at St. Paul's in the morning, and a dinner at Merchant Taylors' Hall in the evening. Last year it expended £16,000 in relieving 1,200 persons; aged clergymen, widows and daughters of clergymen. In the course of the evening £3,270 was subscribed; and it was announced that Miss Charlotte Beaumont had bequeathed to the society the sum of £14,000.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY have framed a resolution enforcing a collection of the portraits of all the living members of the Academy.

THE NEW READING ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM was opened on Saturday to literary readers. The visitors to the room during the seven days when it was accessible to the general public reached the astonishing number of 162,489.

SIR JOHN ROMILLY is arranging for superior accommodation at the State Paper Office. The readers have increased, and are increasing.

AN EX-ACTRESS OF THE VAUDEVILLE, on returning home from the performance at the Theatre de la Monnaie of Brussels on Friday last, the 15th, discharged a pistol into her breast, and inflicted a most serious wound. Her answer to the police magistrate, who inquired the motive of the deed, was, "I was weary of life. It is always the same story over and over again."

THE KING OF PRUSSIA has presented Prince Napoleon with a magnificent porcelain vase and a complete edition of the works of Frederick the Great.

THE WORKMEN OF HOLLAND are striking all over the country for an increase of wages. The men working on the canal of Wemeldinge have struck, and pillaged the public-houses along the canal. Troops have been sent to maintain order.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Literary Association of the Friends of Poland was held on Saturday last, at their own rooms, Duke Street, St. James's. The Marquis of Townshend was in the chair.

THE DECORATION OF A GRAND OFFICER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR has been presented to the illustrious philosopher, Alexander Humboldt. Prince Napoleon was the bearer of the distinction.

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF SIR EDMUND C. MACNAUGHTEN, Bart., had lit a match to seal a letter, when a spark fell upon and ignited her dress, which was of muslin; the consequence was, that the unfortunate lady was so severely burnt that she died a few hours after.

THE 65TH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL OF THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Tuesday evening, with unusual eclat, all the chief literati of the metropolis being present. The Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P., took the chair, in the unavoidable absence of Earl Granville. The total amount of subscriptions announced during the evening amounted to £1,200.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE Conservative party meditate a journalistic *coup d'état*. They are in treaty with the assignees in bankruptcy for the purchase of the "Morning Herald" and "Standard," with a view of incorporating them with the "Press" newspaper, and bringing out, in addition to our weekly contemporary, a "Daily Press" and a cheap "Evening Press." The only literary engagement that I hear of as having been made at present, in connection with the above scheme, is that of Mr. Charles Lever, the well-known Irish novelist. The lever is provided, but the fulcrum in the shape of capital has yet to be found, although active negotiations are pending with the noble chief of the Conservative party. I confess I do not see the great advantage of this scheme. "A living dog is better than a dead lion." The "Herald" has for years past enjoyed an unenviable notoriety as the worst daily paper extant; and the "Standard" was merely a reprint of the "Herald." If the Conservative party want a daily organ, they should start a new journal, officered by a staff of men who would do their work well, and bring credit upon the undertaking. It will take a long time to persuade the general public that anything good can come out of or go into the "Morning Herald."

Propos of the "Herald" there is a good story. The first representation of the "Traviata" at the Lyceum Opera was announced for Thursday, the 14th; but, owing to the hoarseness of Signor Graziani, the production of it was postponed, and "Rigoletto" substituted. On the Friday morning, however, the columns of the "Herald" contained a long account of the triumphant performance of the "Traviata," and an elaborate criticism on Madame Bosio's performance of the heroine! The announcement, says the "Herald" critic, "attracted the most crowded audience of the season." He then goes on to deprecate comparisons, which he says are ever avoided by the "judicious critic;" but feeling his duty as an instructor of the public, he is conscientiously forced to yield the palm to Madame Bosio in preference to Mlle. Piccolomini, the hitherto accepted representative of Violetta. A few of his sentences are delicious:—"Madame Bosio does not take the *vicarious* and *impassioned* view of the character of Violetta to which we have been accustomed." "A deep *pensiveness* pervades her assumption throughout." "Her first aria, 'Ah, forse e lui,' was sung to perfection, the last movement being as brilliant a display as we have heard for a long time." "The recitatives for Madame Bosio and Mario were numerous; and at the fall of the curtain the usual ovation was paid to the lady and gentleman." The day following the appearance of this criticism the proprietors of the journal publicly announced that the writer of it had received his discharge. Your readers may recollect that last year a somewhat similar affair took place in France, but the critic having been severe upon an unacted performance, a lady who was inadvertently upon brought an action against him and obtained heavy damages.

The attention of the art-world has been called, during the last week, to a most powerful picture which has been on view at the French Exhibition. This picture was sent over since the opening of the Exhibition, and was to be returned on Thursday. It was only in England for ten days, but during that period was visited by many of our best artists and connoisseurs. It is by a young man named Gerome, and is called "Tragedy and Comedy." The scene represented is the Bois de Boulogne at daybreak, and a glance at once tells the story. A row has taken place at a *bal masqué*, and the principals, a Pierrot and a man dressed as an Indian, have with their seconds repaired in masquerade costume to the Bois, and fought. In the foreground, the dying Pierrot is supported by his second, a man in a rich moyen-age costume, with a flowing velvet mantle. Another man supports his back, while a fourth stands horror-stricken in the immediate back-ground. Ha! the chalk with which the face of the dying Pierrot was originally daubed has been sweated off during the night, and, through the remnant of the paint, you see the death-pallor stealing over his cheeks—through the loose trousers you see the stiffening limbs—the right arm, the hand of which still clutches the sword, hangs powerless. In the distance, the Indian, the perpetrator of the deed, is stealing off with hanging, remorseful head, unmindful of the consolation of his companion, a harlequin; while away in the far background stand the two *fleures* which have brought the combatants to the scene of action, the horses blown and tired with their unwonted speed, and the drivers dimly visible through the fog. The atmosphere, misty with rising exhalations—the skeleton trees—the sodden grass on which the combat has taken place, shown through the trampled snow—the broken feathers, which during the conflict have fallen from the Indian's fantastic garb—are rendered with surprising fidelity. The grandeur of the conception is equalled by the power shown in the execution, the grouping is admirable, while the sombre gray of the general effect is relieved by the scarlet cloak of the wounded man's second, which lights up the picture without destroying its harmony of colour. I think I never saw so interesting and dramatic a picture. Many offers have been made for it in this country, but it was sold by M. Gerome, while on the easel, for five hundred guineas.

The "Legend of Sir Isambard" printed in the Academy Catalogue as the explanation of Mr. Millais's horse monstrosity, being now generally understood to be the work of a literary gentleman, who has endeavoured by his description to explain away the faults of the artist, I am tempted to ask why the British public is made the butt of such practical joking? The intention, so far, has failed; the bad English has failed to cover the bad painting. But for a literary man of standing to attempt, in a vile imitation of Chaucerian English, to justify the unnatural drawing of his friend, is an insult to the public alike unworthy of artist and author.

The first series of Mr. Russell's Crimean lectures concluded on Saturday evening, May 16. Gaining confidence as he proceeded, Mr. Russell's enunciation was more distinct, and his general delivery better and less amateurish at each succeeding lecture. The new series, at a cheaper rate, commence this (Saturday) afternoon.

Concerning two of the London Clubs—the Reform and the Junior United—unpleasant rumours are afloat. At the former, serious defalcations in the accounts of the late secretary have been discovered; while at the latter, valuable looking-glasses have been smashed, and marble slabs broken, by some hitherto undiscovered members, the motives for whose vindictiveness are equally unknown.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. RUSKIN'S NOTES ON THE PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

MR. RUSKIN numbers his readers by thousands; his annual *brochure* goes through several editions, and two days after publication is to be found in the hands of every third visitor to the academy. This year's "Notes" is remarkable principally for its savage attack upon Mr. Millais. Last year "Titian himself scarcely excelled him;" now, the change in his manner is "not merely Fall" (with a capital F), but "it is Catastrophe" (with a capital C); "not merely a loss of power, but a reversal of principle," his excellence has been effaced "as a man wipeth a dish—wiping it, and turning it upside down." Setting aside the violence of the attack (who can say it is undeserved?), the criticism on Millais is a fine piece of writing—a prose poem, an art-essay, which would raise an unknown man to the highest ranks of literature. Throughout the pamphlet there is, perhaps, more Ruskinism than criticism, but the writing is magnificent. This is strong language; but I will recant when you can name to me another man who could write such a poetical description of Highland scenery as this:—

"Those desolate glens, with the dark brown torrents surging monotonously among the lower rocks, cutting them into the cup-like pools where the dense stream eddies like black oil, and the moth, fallen weary out of the wind on its surface, circles round and round, struggling vainly; the little spaces under the fern, where the glen widens, and the sward is smooth as if for knights' lists, and sweet as if for dancing of fairies' feet, and lonely as if it grew over an enchanted grave; those low slier thickets, set in soft shade where the stream is broad by the stepping-stones—the drowned lamb lying on the bank under their stooping leaves since the last flood; those sweet winding paths through the cat fields and under the ash trees, where the air breathes so softly when the berries are bluish-scarlet in the setting sun, and more softly still when the cold, clear northern light dies over the purple ranges, ragged and wild."

I have received a letter from Bon Gaultier's grandsons referring to my remark upon their effusions in the last number of "Tait." I will merely say of this letter, that having read it, I am disposed to apply to the gentlemen themselves the same observation which I applied to their literary productions.—Their letter proves them to be both "senseless and vulgar."



VICTORIA ADELAIDE MARIA LOUISA, PRINCESS ROYAL OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.—(DRAWN FROM LIFE FOR THE "ILLUSTRATED TIMES.")



H.R.H. PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.—(FROM THE PICTURE PAINTED BY WINTERHALTER.)

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

A ROYAL marriage, though observed as a public festival, is commonly suspected to be a private misfortune. That there is considerable foundation for this superstition, the history of State marriages abundantly shows; and therefore the first point for congratulation in the approaching marriage of the Princess Royal must be, that it is not a diplomatic scheme. There is every reason to believe, that, as her Majesty's marriage was founded, not on considerations of policy alone, but on feelings of personal acquaintance and personal attachment, the proposed union of the Princess Royal with Prince Frederick William of Prussia has been contracted in a similar spirit; and the whole Empire must reciprocate the hope expressed by the Earl of Derby in the House of Lords on Monday, that as the Princess enters married life under the same auspices, so may her happiness be as complete as that of her illustrious mother.

Of course, it is impossible to contemplate the event entirely without reference to politics. When the Princess was born, her advent was hailed with deep satisfaction throughout the country, because it barred the succession of the Cumberland family. No doubt we rejoiced at the event as adding to the domestic happiness of the Queen, but the feeling was mainly political: and though at the present time five lives stand between the Princess Royal and the throne, we are not authorised to be altogether indifferent to the possibilities of the future, or to be careless of the influences which her Royal Highness's marriage into this or that State may exercise. Lord Palmerston thinks that her union with the Prince of Prussia holds out to the country political prospects of a very advantageous nature. We ourselves are content to believe that no better, but many a worse, political connection might be formed. We should be sorry to learn, indeed, that any idea of advantage had entered into the contract; for then, warned by almost all precedent, we should expect disappointment for diplomacy, or disaster for the Princess. It is enough if the union be founded in honest feeling; and if only the country be left open to no unfair influences therefrom, we can afford to forego any other advantage or satisfaction save the happiness of the Princess Royal herself.

While we write, the question of dowry has not yet been laid before the House of Commons; we can only anticipate that it will be cordially and liberally met. It seems to be proposed to make a specific grant, once for all, and not an annual allowance, which certainly would be less agreeable to the country. Nor is the capital sum which the Government will ask for at all proportioned to that which Rumour so broadly asserted was to be demanded year by year. The "Times," indeed, says, that in all probability the sum which has been mentioned as revenue is not much less than the capital sum which will be proposed; in which case the dowry of the Princess will be less than the Commons would willingly have granted.

The life of the Princess is yet to begin. We can say no more of it than that she was born at Buckingham Palace, on the 21st of November, 1840, and was baptised on the 10th of February following, under the names of Victoria Adelaide Maria Louisa; that she was confirmed on the 20th of March, 1856; and that her existence has been passed in the wholesomest Court in Europe. Her Royal Highness's accomplishments are matter of common repute.

PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

The future husband of the Princess Royal, the young Frederick William of Prussia, occupies an enviable position among the German Princes as the prospective heir to the throne of a great European kingdom. This throne owes its elevation to a trifling circumstance that occurred some century and a half ago. During a conference held at the Hague, it seems that our Dutch deliverer, William the Third, refused Frederick, son of the Great Elector, the honour of an arm-chair. Frederick, nettled at such treatment from a man who had so recently been merely Prince of Orange, never rested till he was crowned King of Prussia. During the ceremony which took place at Rothenberg, his spouse, a sister of George I., ventured to indulge in a pinch of snuff; and the new king happening to look towards her, felt his royal dignity so hurt, that he sent one of his gentlemen to remind her where she was, and what rank she now held. The second King of Prussia was that eccentric old fellow, with blue coat, white spatter-dashers, and square-toed shoes, with a sergeant's cane in his hand, and a regiment composed of the tallest men who could be got together for love or money. And his son was Frederick the Great, who after raising Prussia to the rank of a first-rate Power, left a reputation for wisdom and valour far superior to any prince of his age. A nephew of Frederick the Great was grandfather of the present King, and of the Prince of Prussia. The latter, who is military Governor of the Rhenish Provinces, and Lieutenant of Pomerania, married a daughter of the Grand Duke of Weimar, a lady of a noble disposition, the friend of letters, and every liberal art; and their only son, Frederick William Nicholas Charles, was born on the 18th of October, 1831.

This Prince has, it appears, since growing up to manhood, won much popularity in the dominions over which he has the prospect of one day reigning; and it will be recollected that, a year or two since, when he made a tour in East Prussia, his reception was flattering in the extreme. Everywhere he was welcomed with affection, and none were more ready to do him honour than the worthy and sagacious merchants of Dantzig.

In so far as affairs of state are concerned, the Prince is said to hold opinions similar to those of his father, whose politics are of a liberal tendency; but, at the age of twenty-five, he is naturally enough more of a soldier than a politician. In his military capacity the Prince holds the commissions of a Major, "a la Suite," of the First Regiment of Foot Guards, and of Chef and Colonel Propriétaire of other regiments in the Prussian service.

The Prince of Prussia is an exceedingly fine-looking young man, in height about five feet nine inches. His deportment is exceedingly dignified and graceful. His complexion is naturally fair, although his face is slightly browned by out-door sports and exercise. He has light hair, cut very close, a still lighter moustache, which runs into a thin light whisker, and does not conceal a pair of large red lips. His nose is long, and *bien prononcé*; his eyes are blue, and his face is of the somewhat broad German type. An air of command seems habitual to him; and it is clear he has been educated in view of his high destiny as the probable future monarch of a great European kingdom. Speaking of his appearance at the Derby last year, a gossiping country contemporary thus described him:—"He was dressed like a young Englishman, in compliment to the people among whom he has come to seek a bride. There is something about an English hat, with its small flat brim, which pronounces its nationality far and wide, and an unmistakable specimen was selected by the young Prince for his *début*. He also wore one of those blue check cravats which English country gentlemen frequently affect. The Prince seemed pleased with the slightest mark of courtesy, and was quick to acknowledge it."

MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF A SERVANT GIRL.—Sarah Goodall, a young girl in the service of a lady at Islington, attended a class for information on Wednesday week. The next morning she was found drowned in the Thames. No marks of violence were found on the body, and the clergyman at whose house the class was held, states that the girl was perfectly rational the evening before her death. A boy who knew her, saw her going down the City Road on Wednesday evening, away from her home, and towards London Bridge.

A HOLY RELIC RESTORED.—The Queen of Spain, the King Consort, and the Court of Madrid, have been thrown into an apoplexy of joy by the recovery of the "holy nail" extracted from the Cross, which was carried off by the 27th of May last year by some sacrilegious vagabonds, on account of the valuable casket in which it was confined. The said vagabonds having returned the "holy nail," minus the casket, this relic has been the object of a series of ceremonies, in which the exalted persons above-mentioned have taken active part. The Queen caused a fresh casket of great value and magnificence to be constructed; and the nail was placed in its new receptacle in the presence of the Court, all kneeling, and the relic was blessed by the Patriarch of the Indies. On the 27th instant, the anniversary of the sacrilege, the nail will be conveyed with great ceremony to the spot from whence it was carried away.

PRETENDED SALE OF GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENTS.—James Cahill and Mary Josephine Cahill, his wife, were charged, on remand, with having fraudulently obtained the sum of £250 from Alexander Duncan, on pretence of obtaining for him a situation in the Admiralty. Nothing was added to the evidence which was published in our last impression, save that Mr. Holmes Smith, a clerk in the issue department of the Bank of England, swore positively, that on the 8th of April, the female prisoner changed a £200 note and a £50 note at the Bank. The prisoners were again remanded.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

It is a standing jeer made by foreigners against English artists, that they cannot paint either historical or imaginative pictures, and that the English school, in those departments, is a nullity. Denying the postulate, the walls of our exhibition galleries, are unfortunately fertile in data confirmatory of the foreigners' opinion; but our answer to it is simple, and is comprised in the enumeration of three names—Barry, Hilton, Haydon. The first really starved for want of patronage, till by the chary gratitude of those his genius had enriched, he was enabled to clutch at a sparse annuity, which did not, however, prevent him from dying under the most lamentably distressed circumstances. The second barely staved off destitution for a long series of years, and only lived to stand on a Pisgah of prosperity at last, and see the horizon of his declining years gilded with the halo of posthumous fame. The third (a really great painter, though a man of unordinate vanity, and teeming with error) would, had he lived in France, have been a commander of the Legion of Honour, and a member of the Institute; and the ceilings of Versailles and the walls of St. Genéviève would have glowed with the works of his pencil. In England he lived to paint grand Scriptural pieces which nobody would buy; to make his most prosperous bargain by the sale to a profligate prince of a scene of a "Mock Election" in a debtor's prison; to pawn his "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem" for a milk score; to be told by a complacent critic that the only place his pictures were fit for was the outside of a show; to have as a competitor for public applause a wretched dwarf from America, and to be beaten by him; and finally to put himself to death in a mean room with a pistol and a razor, quite bankrupt, despairing and heartbroken. And so it will be to the end of the chapter, we suppose. There is no encouragement for historical art in England; and we do not see any probability of such encouragement being afforded in our time. The Houses of Parliament frescoes are mere chips in porridge towards our enormous want of patronage. Our religion, our climate, our manners, our tastes, are all against large pictures. In art we are essentially a *genre* people, a cabinet picture people. Mr. Millais receives a thousand guineas for an imaginative picture, it is true: but the canvas rarely surpasses the cabinet size; and if Mr. Millais were to paint works of the Barry or Haydon calibre he would starve like the one, or blow out his brains like the other.

Failing pictures of the gigantic dimensions with which the walls of the Luxembourg, and the Königs Museum at Berlin, have made us familiar, we find in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy, an average number of works by painters of historical and imaginative subjects, the great majority confining themselves to a *saleable* amount of inches within their frames, and eschewing (we will except Messrs. Danby and Linton in landscape, and Messrs. Frost and Poole in figures) the higher classics, but devoting themselves to the illustration of more familiar historical subjects—the "household words" of history, in fact.

The most ambitious among these is Mr. MacIse, who in "Peter the Great working as a shipwright in Deptford Dockyard" (78), has produced a large picture crowded with figures, and even more crowded with those accessories which he loves so well, and knows so well how to paint. The scene represented is when the Czar, with his "rough retinue," working in the Dockyard at Deptford during the winter of 1697-8, is visited by William the Third; in attendance on whom are Lords Carmarthen and Shrewsbury, "his President of Council and Foreign Secretary." We quote the last few words from the catalogue, and leave their responsibility to the cataloguer; for, as regards Lord Shrewsbury being Foreign Secretary to William III., we have somewhere read—stay: was it not in the pages of one Macaulay?—that William the Third disdained the assistance of Englishmen in managing continental politics, and was his own Minister for Foreign Affairs to the day of his death.

The Czar is sawing lustily through a plank, and pauses in his work to stare at the King; who, if truth must be told, advances towards his imperial cousin in somewhat of a shambling, not to say sneaking fashion, as though he were uneasily conscious that Dutchmen were not popular in English dockyards since that ugly business on the Medway the reign before last. Close to the Autocrat shipwright are his rough retinue, all hard at work—Menschikoff, Golovin, Galizin, and Prince Sibiski, the latter of whom was noted for his skill "to rig a ship from top to bottom." Round the Czar lounge, and smile, and grin, and chatter a motley party, consisting of a dwarf, a negro boy, an ape, and (save the mark!) a young actress of Drury Lane. There is another group of pretty girls laughing and smiling by some fruit and wine placed on a capstan; there are sturdy English artisans sawing; there is the Thames and the Isle of Dogs (we presume) in the extreme distance; while the foreground is crowded as thickly as a Wardour Street curiosity-shop with an extraordinarily miscellaneous collection of objects—adzes, saws, planes, astrolabes, pliers, charts, bottles, glasses, magpies, guitars, ship-models, cordage, swords, pots, pans, and compasses.

The picture is a very fine one for its drawing, which in many parts is erudite and conscientious, though some of the attitudes are impossible; the picture is decidedly a fine one for its composition, which is as noble as it is graceful; in elaboration and finish of detail it is simply marvellous; but in colour, and in aerial perspective, and in expression, it is detestable. From remote distance to immediate foreground, every object, animate or inanimate, is treated in the same hard, chalky, pumice-stoned, glazing manner in which Mr. MacIse, for his misfortune, is so great an adept; everything, from the model of the ship to the Czar's face, has the same newly washed, scrubbed, and sanded appearance, the same crisp edges and sharp lights. Everything is curried and tickled to the same degree of unimpaired perfection; nothing is left out; the chalk mark on the plank half sawn through, the varying reflections on the plank, the rough draft of a vessel sketched on a board, the spiral shavings falling from a plane, all are rendered with that slavish fidelity—of lip and eye service—for which Mr. MacIse's "Caxton" prepared us, but which has seemingly reached its culminating point in "Peter the Great."

William III. is a bad portrait, but the contrast between the sickly, haggard, but undaunted King of England, and the robust schiedam-loving Czar—a contrast which might have been admirable—is weak and lame. The Deliverer's nose, which should be as distinctive a feature in his countenance as Caesar's or Wellington's in theirs, is not made half enough of, and the whole figure lacks that thoughtful dignity which William possessed. The Czar is also, in our opinion, a failure. The head is copied faithfully enough from the enamelled miniature of some courtly painter; and from the ivory and rose coloured face, we cast our eyes downwards to find, naturally, the star of St. Alexander Newsky, and the ribbon of St. Andrew. In their stead we see the shipwright's coarse wooden coat and stockings. Now Peter Veliké, as the Russians call him, was a great man, but coarse in mind and coarse in person. Depend upon it, those glistening, dimpled features, were never seen in Deptford dockyard, nor in Sarsam, nor Moscow, nor Petropolis. It was well for the courtly limner to flatter his imperial sitter on complacent ivory or copper; but in painting an historical picture, Mr. MacIse should have remembered the historical man, and chosen more vigorous models to paint from than the Zinckes and Petitots of their day.

The eye has nothing to rest upon in this picture so great as the *embarras des richesses* in details. We wander about like one distraught, from saws to monkeys, and from Czars to sackbuts, and from compasses to cocked hats. And the whole keeps shimmering, like the distant roof of the Crystal Palace in a hot sun, with the same intolerably smooth, clean, shining crispness.

These are not all the errors of the picture. It were perhaps hypercritical to object to the beard of the "rough retinue," when a casual reference even to so accessible an authority as Voltaire, would have informed Mr. MacIse that one of the first results of Peter's peregrinations in Western Europe, was to compel his attendant boyards to shave off their beards; but we must object to the manner in which the rough retinue are executing their work. The nobleman with the adze will infallibly split his Imperial Majesty's skull at the next blow, and the prince with the plane seems to mean much mischief to his master's fingers, by the manner in which he wields that instrument. It is difficult, moreover, to imagine what business the group of girls by the capstan can have in the dockyard. The group best conceived and best executed is that of the negro boy, the dwarf and the jester: the latter is a most successful fool, with an unmistakably Tartar face, and much sly humour in every lineament.

Mr. Cope has chosen a purely English subject for illustration in "The Pilgrim Fathers," representing the departure of a Puritan family for New England. The ardent religionists are embarking from Delft Haven, in Holland; and are to be carried to America, as the inscription on the stern of the boat tells us, by the immortal "Mayflower." Their boat is on the shore, and their bark is on the sea; but at the very moment of departure, one of the Puritan divines, Mr. Robinson, falls down on his knees, and "they all with him, he, with watery eyes, commending them with most fervent prayer to God." This is a striking subject, very honestly and ably carried out. There is little pretension or attempt at "fine" painting (which is often as offensive as fine writing); but the story is effectively told, and the execution is broad, simple, and natural. The natural grief of the elder children, the gleeful unconsciousness of the infants, the tearful resignation of the matrons and maidens, and the stern determination to do everything—even unto death—for conscience' sake, expressed on the prayer and watching-worn faces of the men, are all most successfully rendered. Two of the male figures especially struck us for the force of character evolved in their delineation; the boy delightedly handling a musket, and longing to make use of it—against sea-gulls, bears, malignant, or wild Indians—he cares not which, and whose face is full of promise of a race of future backwoodsmen as bold as Natty Bumppo; and the stern Puritan taking off his hat in a parting salutation to those on shore. A very different impression does that pilgrim father convey to the spectator. In him you see the zealous and sincere sectary, but soured and embittered by persecution, and who, when power comes to him, will return persecution tenfold. He is just of the stuff that Cotton Mathews and Governor Bradfords will be made of; and when he is a pilgrim grandfather, he will have a hand in framing the "blue laws," in scourging recalcitrant Quakers, and in hanging superstitious witches.

Mr. Dyce sends but one picture, "Titian Preparing to make his First Essay in Colouring," (107), but it is a masterpiece. The dramatic action of the work hinges on an anecdote related by Ridolfi, to the effect, that Titian, when a little boy, gave the earliest indication of his future eminence as a colourist, by drawing a Madonna, which he coloured with the juices of flowers. We have, then, before us a green glade like garden, and half couchant on a grand old mediæval chair is the child-artist, absorbed in meditation as to which flowers are the fittest for his purpose, and when their juices are expressed will yield the brightest hues. A bunch of flowers is clasped in his almost baby-hand, while a rich and tangled reserve of floral treasures lies in a panier in the foreground. Before the artist is his model—a stone Madonna and bambino.

The appearance of the whole is somewhat flat, and the treatment throughout is of a severe and well-nigh æsthetic character; but few artistic efforts have surpassed the intensity of expression which Mr. Dyce has succeeded in throwing into the beautiful face of the boy Titian. Face and figure, too, are drawn with a grave suavity befitting the place and the occasion. The execution is wonderful, and the exquisitely minute finish of the details is of a nature to make the pre-Raphaelites look to their laurels, and bring a blush to the face of that woeful "Man in Brass," who, banished from the annual Lord Mayor's Show, has taken refuge on the easel of Mr. Millais. Flowers, grass, boy, statue, bottle and sponge, clasp-knife—all are repainted with microscopic fidelity, yet they have not, somehow, the same surcharged and painful appearance of elaboration as we find in the bits of detail of the P.R.B. The greatest fault that we can find with Mr. Dyce's picture is, that the landscape is more English than Italian.

Mr. F. R. Pickersgill, A.R.A., has painted an episode from the loves of the Duke Orsino and Viola, in "Twelfth Night," with much innate grace of thought and tenderness of treatment. It is the moment when Viola, with a sly shyness, tells the Duke—

"I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not."

The figure of Viola in her boy's clothes is most delicately conceived; and the feminineness of the delightful heroine are sub-understood at once. Mr. Pickersgill has judiciously subdued the obnoxious "pink-tights" element, which painters seldom succeed in banishing from their maidens in disguise. Here we know that Viola will pass well enough for a boy, but she is all woman notwithstanding. Mr. Pickersgill's Duke does not please us so much. He is a gallant gentleman and a noble, but he is too much like Francis I.; and there is a cruel luxury in his face that reminds us unpleasantly of "Le roi s'amuse," and the bravo with his long sword, and Triboulet the jester with that dreadful sack on his shoulder.

While we are on the topic of Shakespearean pictures, let us give a word of warning to Mr. A. E. Chalon, R.A., who has made a dreadful hash of a subject from the "Tempest" (229)—Ariel's beautiful words beginning

"... The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not."

There is neither beginning nor end to this bad picture, and the middle is wanting. We also wish (though the subject is *genre* not poetry) to warn Mr. Chalon off the premises, the fee simple of which (belonged to Mr. Henry Fielding, and which has been let out in messages or tenements to Messrs. Mulready, Leslie, Frith, and Egg—worthy tenants, all of them. In "Sophia Western" (197), we have an illustration of the 123rd page of the 7th book of the 2nd volume of a work which you, Madam, and very properly too, will not permit your daughters to read, but which will be read and venerated by men-folk to the end of time, "Tom Jones." Mr. Chalon has painted an artificial-looking girl, in a sleazy satin dress, and with a deformed foot. Mr. Chalon has rendered good service to the state in his time; and his water colour portraits of the female aristocracy have met with the approbation of many readers of the "Morning Post" and admirers of fashionable millinery; let him adhere to his pictures "in this style," and he will do much better. It is certain that in pictures like the "Tempest" and "Sophia Western," he cannot do much worse.

"Sir Roger de Coverley in Church" (213), by Mr. Leslie, the Academician, is a cheerful, kindly picture—full of good drawing, composition, light and shade, colour; but it lacks power, and is in parts weakly and ineffectively painted. Sir Roger is standing up in his pew to rebuke some drowsy parishioner; but the knight is too soft and *nonchalant* to please us. Sir Roger, we know, was placable, and his wrath only endured for a moment; but he could be angry, and angry enough, when he chose. In Mr. Leslie's picture, he has, with his arm on the pew-rail, far more the air of a "pretty fellow" lounging in a coffee-room box, than of the "landlord of the whole congregation." The parson, too, is attired in the same canonicals as a vicar of 1857, instead of the voluminous-sleeved cassock and flowing and ample wig of Queen Anne's time, when parsons were yet called "Your Reverence." The best bit in the picture is the music-gallery, which is a glorious effect of grouping and light and shade.

The enthralling labours of the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition have doubtless been instrumental in confining Mr. Egg to one picture,—"A Scene from Mr. Thackeray's 'Esmond'" (331), being the return of the hero from the battle of Wyndesael. The beautiful but capricious Beatrix is kneeling to invest her knight (*pro tem.*) with an embroidered scarf. The dowager-countess of Castlewood looks on with grim pleasure; but in the countenance of Rachel Esmond, Lady Castlewood, there is mingled, with admiration and love for "her Harry," bitter jealousy of her daughter. Mr. Egg has somewhat painfully insisted upon this. All the good qualities of drawing, texture, and chiaro scuro, for which this accomplished artist is remarkable, are visible here; but the three female faces are too much alike. The gradations between youth, maturity, and age, are not well marked; and there pervades the whole picture that odd, sombre, uneasy tone of colour, which first became noticeable as a characteristic of Mr. Egg in the "Cliveden's proud alcove" in the "Buckingham" Picture, where the Merry Monarch and his courtiers were likened at the time to a burial club with Mr. Shillibeer in the chair. This dinginess of colour threatens to become a chronic disease with Mr. Egg. It is specially observable in the figure of Esmond, whose linen shirt-sleeves and wristbands are of *precisely* the same hue as his steel cuirass, leading us to the conclusion either that the gallant Colonel of her Majesty Queen Anne was in the habit of wearing cast-iron shirts, or that he had anticipated a fashion afterwards adopted by the Irish Whiteboys, and wore his shirt over his clothes.

Mr. P. F. Poole has painted a "Field Conventicle" (391) in a very grand and impressive manner. The scene is laid in the times of the ecclesiastical tyranny which prevailed in Scotland during the reign of Charles II., and when a proclamation being made against conventicles, ministers and

people met to pray in the fields. The figures in Mr. Poole's pictures are full of earnestness of devotion; thought and feeling are manifest throughout the work; but we are stifled looking at it with the hot unwholesome succulent colour of the picture; a malva seems to exhale from it; we cannot breathe, we cannot move under its deadly influence. Mr. Poole seems continually haunted by visions of Job all over his scarping himself with a potherd, and Solomon Eagle with his brazier, crying out, "Woe, woe," during the Great Plague.

"The burial of Charles the First in St. George's Chapel at Windsor," (16) has afforded Mr. C. Lucy an opportunity of painting a very solemn and impressive picture; and yet, if our reading be not at fault, of committing an odd blunder. Was not King Charles buried at night? We think so. The attitudes of the faithful cavaliers paying their last homage to their unfortunate master are carefully studied. The drawing is generally good, but the head of Colonel Whichcott, the Puritan governor of the castle, appears to us to be much too small. The coffin also is not heavy enough, to judge by the extent of muscular exertion apparent in the men lowering it into the grave. Mr. Lucy should recollect that not only was the inscription "King Charles, 1648" cut in lead, but the coffin itself was of that metal.

Mr. Ford is in the fashion, and has limited his contributions to the Academy to one picture, "The First Break in the Family," (264). It is the old, old story of the mail-coach bearing away the first-born into the great world; (who does not recollect Dickens's Tom Pinch likening the coach to some cruel monster coming at stated seasons to tear away successively those he loved best from him?) but the tale, though trite, is told with tenderness and feeling. There is, however, consolation for the bereaved family circle, for, to quote the beautiful lines of James Ballantine:—

"We gazed till the coach faded far o'er the moor,
When a rainbow streamed down o'er our soul cottage door,
And we hailed the blessed omen as Hope's happy dawn,
That Heaven would shed blessings on Willie now."

For pathos and tenderness few contemporary artists can surpass Mr. Ford. He is the Shonstone of painting. His exquisite picture of the "Mitherless Bairn" drew as many tears as the recital of "Jemmy Dawson" was wont to draw from the sentimental ladies of the last century; and moreover the tear that Kitty sheds over the "Mitherless" is as due to Ford as to Shonstone, for in his pictured tales there is not only tenderness and sadness, but truth. Another picture by the same artist, replete with similar sentiment and emotional quietude, is the "Highland Mary," which, if we recollect right, was in the last year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and an engraving of which our readers will find on another page. The "Highland Mary" is an apt pictorial commentary on Burns's deathless verses. The figure is an admirable *Penseroso* study, quiet, melancholy, griefful, but not gloomy. The solemn Highland scenery at her feet harmonises well with the umbrageous folds of the drapery from beneath which the pretty bare foot peeps out like an early violet.

Of Mr. E. Armistead's picture, "A Souvenir of Seutari," (1,031), engraved by us a fortnight since, we can say little, except to endorse from observation our anticipatory protest against its position on the Academy walls. After considerable research, we discovered it in the "worst room's worst place," hung immediately under a skylight, and, for all critical purposes, invisible. It appears to be marked by the artist's usual purity of outline; but for richness of oriental local colour we should think it inferior to "Aholibah" and the "City of Refuge." But of the qualities of those two admirable pictures the public had a fair opportunity of judging.

THE OPERAS.

THE new ballet at her Majesty's Theatre has been produced with great success. "Acadista" has the especial merit of introducing Perea Nena to the audience of her Majesty's Theatre, and the most popular dancer who has appeared in London for many years is now in her proper place, on the stage which is celebrated beyond all others for the production of choreographic entertainments in their greatest excellence.

The articles which appeared last autumn in the "Times" on the subject of the "Traviata," had the effect of making everyone in London who had not already seen the opera take the earliest possible opportunity of doing so. These articles, however, had nothing to do with the production of the work at the Lyceum, when Madame Bosio was advertised to appear in the principal character before the now celebrated Piccolomini had been heard of on this side of Turin. Doubtless it was the prodigious success obtained by Piccolomini which prevented Bosio from appearing in the character last season; and really during the height of the Piccolomini *furor* (which has scarcely abated now), it would have been out of the question for anyone else to have attempted the part of Violetta.

After the close of our summer season the Royal opera companies of London combine and separate according to circumstances, so as to form operative companies for at least two of the European capitals—to say nothing of the North of England and of South America. Thus, Mario joined Piccolomini last winter in Paris, where he (but not Piccolomini) had a great success in the "Traviata." And thus Calzolari joined Bosio in Moscow, *viz.* St. Petersburg, where she (but not Calzolari) had a similar success in the same opera. With such facts as the above, it required no musical perception, it required nothing but the commonest arithmetic, to establish it as a certainty that the "Traviata" given in London, with the principal parts played by Bosio and Mario together, would be more successful than it had been either in Paris or in St. Petersburg, where in each case the opera had only been supported by one of those great singers.

It has been the fortune of the "Traviata" to be executed by admirable singers wherever it has been produced. We say nothing about one night's performance at Exeter Hall, for which, however, the best English singers had been secured; but, to confine ourselves to the London opera alone, it was played at her Majesty's Theatre last season by Piccolomini, Beneventano, and Calzolari; and this year—better still—it is entrusted to Piccolomini, Beneventano, and Giuglini. Now, at the Lyceum, Bosio is the Violetta, Mario is the lover (Alfredo or Arturo, either name will do), and Graziani is the virtuous—exceedingly virtuous—father.

Mr. Lumley, by way of filling up his programme at the beginning of the season, and also with the praiseworthy view of appearing "classical," threatened a performance of "Don Juan," with some unusually fine and slightly imaginary cast. But neither he, nor Mr. Gye, nor the manager of any opera in Europe, can ever—due proportion being kept—find for "Don Juan" such casts as have been found for the "Traviata." We do not belong to that class of persons who would have Mozart represented eternally, and Verdi never. On the contrary, we would have Verdi frequently, and Mozart occasionally—like "L'arade Lost," and other books still better; but it is necessary to have a limit to insipidity, and we would have the line drawn a little on the Mozart side of the "Traviata."

As for Madame Bosio's performance of the principal personage, it is perfect, and something more than perfect. There is not much music, but there is a great deal of singing in the part—so that with Madame Bosio it becomes musical from beginning to end. Our ideal of the character not being a high one, Madame Bosio would have satisfied us if she had sung the music in her usual correct and charming manner—for in her the two styles are combined. But it seemed to us that last Saturday evening, when the "Traviata" was played at the Royal Italian Opera for the first time, she sung better than she had ever sung before—better than in the *Gilda* of "Rigoletto," better even than in the *Norina* of the "Elisir d'Amore."

The difference between Madame Bosio's version of the part and that given by Mademoiselle Piccolomini was so fully explained by some substitute for a critic in the dying "Herald" of Friday last, that were it not for the interesting fact that the opera was not produced until the night afterwards, it might seem superfluous to say anything further on the point. As it is, however, it may not be amiss to call attention to Madame Bosio's graceful, lady-like demeanour (as far as it is at all consistent with the part), and to the admirable manner in which she reconciles us to a character which—without any affectation of stern morality—is offensive, if we consider merely the question of art.

The "Traviata" need not depend for its success, as the "Dame aux Camélias" did to some extent, on the truthfulness with which the character of the heroine is kept up. The author of the *libretto* has wisely sunk as much as possible of this objectionable element, existing in the piece; and the opera depends altogether on its situations, which are quite con-

sistent with the most moral story in the world. For instance, some such obstacle as a vast difference in social rank might have existed to prevent the permanent union (or marriage, as we should say in a moral story) of Alfredo and Violetta. In the first scene of the second act, Alfredo, instead of living with her, might only have called upon her. This would not have prevented Mario singing his air just as beautifully as he does at present, and it would have been encoored with just the same enthusiasm. In the second scene of the same act, Violetta, instead of being the mistress of the Marquis, might simply be under a forced promise of marriage to him. This certainly would not prevent her dancing a quadrille with him, nor from entering a room leaning on his arm, just as she does at present. About the last scene there would be no difficulty at all. Violetta is dying of consumption; the father, sensible of his cruelty, at last consents to the marriage; but it is too late, &c. The story is, in fact, taken from M. Murger's "La Vie de Bohème;" but M. Murger's heroine is beautiful and pure throughout, whereas the heroine of M. Dumas *fils* has to be purified twice: first, by love, after which a relapse takes place; secondly and finally, by suffering and death.

In Bosio's performance the loving and suffering side of the character is especially exhibited—and she has sufficient natural taste not to appear too real in a character in which reality is offensive. If we were to speak of her singing in detail, we should praise every air, every passage, every phrase, which she sung. But as no one sings so well as Bosio, we may say that we liked her best in her own scene in the first act, and again in her own scene in the last; but, of course, she was also admirable in the duets with Mario (who was in very good voice), in the scene with Graziani (who sang his own solo with great effect), and in the finale to the second act.

The opera is very well put on the stage; and the ball scene in the second act, with its pretty *displacement*, is one of the most effective ever seen at the Royal Italian Opera.

A special article might be devoted to Madame Bosio's dresses in the first act, and in the first and second scenes of the second. Want of technical knowledge renders us unable to do more than mention their richness and elegance. Of course, as the action of the piece takes place in the eighteenth century, the dresses belong to that period also.

LAW AND CRIME.

UNDER any aspect, and whatever may be the issue of the trial now in progress, the case of Thomas Fuller Bacon must be one of the most extraordinary of criminal celebrated causes brought before modern eyes. Twelve months ago he was tried for arson, and acquitted. Last week he was tried for murdering his child, and acquitted. Another indictment for murdering another of his children had been preferred against him, but was then withdrawn. He had been charged by his own wife with murdering, not only his two children, but attempting her life. He is now under examination for poisoning his mother. It would be unfair to attempt to prejudge his case, but it is announced to be, at the time of this being written, complete with the exception of the *post-mortem* medical testimony. Had this been unconfirmatory, the case would not have been brought forward. Meanwhile we may offer one or two observations upon the trial just concluded. The Learned Judge who presided, carefully warned the jury against allowing the statement of Mrs. Bacon, inculpatory of the male prisoner, to have any weight against him. The other evidence as given on the first day of the trial certainly bore heavily upon him. As for his wife, the chance of escaping a conviction appeared impossible. If she were, therefore, advised to admit her own commission of the crime, thereby only incurring the penalty of imprisonment in a lunatic asylum, which would certainly be her doom in any event, and at the same time exculpating her husband—who can say that such advice was not the most shrewd that could be given? This she did, whether so advised or not. Lord Campbell, who had carefully guarded against allowing her first statement to prejudice her husband, appears to have been in no small degree himself influenced by the second. He summed up strongly in Bacon's favour. The jury acquitted him, and although this was not done blindly, much of Bacon's conduct, especially his strange moodiness and neglect of his work at Reigate, his exclamation of "How was it I done it?" and his contradictory statements as to the cut on his finger, remain yet unexplained.

The law still slumbers, or at least betrays no signs of wakefulness, in the matter of the criminal prosecution of the British Bank Directors. The Attorney-General is kind enough to warn these men, by a reply to a question in the House, of the earliest date at which, according to his views, he expects to be in a position to take proceedings. But Sir Richard Bethell, eminent chancery lawyer as he is, has notions of criminal law which can scarcely be supported, and in which few will sympathise. A clause in a company's act, which, foreseeing the heavy expense attendant upon the sifting and proof of a wholesale commercial fraud, provides for the payment by the State of the costs of prosecution upon reasonable grounds, is held to be an excuse for a delay, affording the culprits not only an opportunity but a positive temptation to place themselves beyond the pale of the law. The case against these men is one of fraud and conspiracy, proved legally by the clearest testimony, morally, to its full extent, by their own evidence, declared to be sufficient by high legal authorities, even by the Attorney-General himself. Yet, notwithstanding, the accused walk about at large and in confidence of security, because a statute intended to facilitate the punishment of offenders of their class, provides for the expense which will be incurred in carrying it on. Why not at once arrest them, and, if necessary, apply from time to time for remands until the time for the government procedure has arrived? The evidence necessary to justify a magistrate in giving such remands need not cost much, and could scarcely be objected to, when it is considered how necessary for the prosecution of a rogue is his apprehension in the first instance. We have, however, reason to hope that by the time this may be published some of the offenders will be already in custody.

A bill has been introduced into the House of Commons, for the corporal punishment of persons committing aggravated assaults. The power of summary imprisonment for an extended period, afforded by a late act, appears to be an insufficient check, as is evidenced by the fact that this class of offences has suffered scarcely any perceptible diminution. Last week a fellow was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for searing one side of his wife's face with a hot boot, which he suffered to remain on the fire until it became incandescent, and the hobnails in the sole red-hot, when he pressed it for some seconds to her cheek. In such cases as this, where the injured party depends for very subsistence upon the brute who maltreats her, a punishment of imprisonment implies an equal term of penury and suffering to the victim. If a severe whipping could ever be justifiable, it would be so in such a case as this. Let the punishment be immediate, public, and severe. Jack Nokes enduring a sound lashing at his own door for jumping upon his wife's teeth, would be a more effective caution to all the neighbourhood than fifty Tom Stileases silently enduring oakum and gruel for a few months, and coming out again to brag about how little they cared about it; and to thrash their wives afterwards oftener than ever, to support their vanities. The dread of imprisonment is so preventive, as every day's police reports prove. But once, when stupid people imbibed a contagious mania for firing blank cartridge at her Majesty, an act was passed authorising whipping to be awarded for the offence. That was some years since—it was then a necessary act; but the crime against which it provided has never once been since committed. Mr. Dillwyn's bill has been thrown out upon a second reading, in consequence of an objection to the allowance of corporal punishment to adults without the intervention of a jury. It is singular that no measure was proposed in its place, by which the culprit might receive the benefit of both.

At Bow Street, a few days since, Mr. Felix O'Hamillo, a commercial traveller, was charged with having "caused an obstruction," with his dog-cart, at the entrance of St. James's Park; the fact being that he had insisted upon passing through Marlborough Gate, in opposition to a blundering gate-keeper, who, being ignorant of the meaning of words, was not aware that a dog-cart could by any possibility be a private carriage. Private carriages, it is known, have the right of passage through certain of the Park gates; and as the defendant owned the dog-cart as his own personal property, he endeavoured to avail himself of this privilege, as he had done habitually for months past. He was taken away in custody, and his vehicle removed to the green-yard. The magistrate (Mr. Jardine) asked

whether the defendant was drunk. The policeman who appeared to support the charge, could not go so far as this—at least, not all at once. "So he attempted a compromise by saying, 'He smelt very strong of liquor.'" He was again asked whether defendant was drunk, and, having thus halted on his march towards his destination, replied, confidently, "I should say he was." Another policeman corroborated this evidence, after a fashion. This second witness had heard the inspector say that defendant smelt very strongly of liquor. The inspector had, according to the usual custom, when a gentleman exhibits antagonism to unwarrantable police interference, entered the defendant as being drunk. But, whether drunk or sober, he had been in the right; and so the magistrate decided, not, however, before it had been given in evidence that the defendant had been *known to be a teetotaler for years!* Not the slightest intimation appears to have been given by the magistrate of any desire to reprehend the reckless swearing of the policeman. In the House of Commons, however, on Monday last, this point was brought under the notice of the Secretary of State, who met the case by an avowal of utter ignorance of the whole affair. As the case had been heard in a public court, and published nearly a week before in every metropolitan newspaper, and was peculiarly in the department of this excellent functionary, the excuse appears to have been accepted, as not only probable in fact, but valid in foundation.

While protection appears thus to be cast over the oaths of policemen and while cases of hard swearing, on their part, are of continual recurrence, the public occasionally obtains a glimpse of the results of the system. At the Middlesex sessions, for instance, a man named Cook was convicted, for the fourth time, of felony. Had he been acquitted on this charge, an officer was in readiness with a warrant to arrest him for another robbery. This man had been in the M. d. vision, and had been the means of transporting numerous prisoners upon his own testimony. He had been known, while in the force, by the ominous nickname of "Jonathan Wild." On this matter the "Dispatch" sensibly suggests, that the Home Secretary should be appealed to, to institute an inquiry as to the cases of the persons convicted upon this man's evidence. The Home Secretary's announcement to the House (as recorded in the preceding paragraph) was made on the very day after publication of that suggestion, and affords some intimation of the manner in which an application for the purpose would probably be met.

On the motion in the House of Commons for going into committee on the new Transportation Bill, it was proposed to make convict labour available at least so far as to render our penal institutions self-supporting. Hereupon Mr. W. Martin started up to give a parliamentary aspect to the matter, by interposing one of the flattest of platitudes. He was "opposed to the employment of convict labour to the prejudice of the honest." So, we take it, would every one be, if the phrase meant anything which could by any possibility happen to exist. But what Mr. W. Martin means, when reduced to English, is, that it is better for the honest man to pay for the support of the convict, as a customer to the baker, tailor, and turnkey, than to enable the convict to support himself and contribute a quota of his labour for the benefit of the community. Let the prisoner grind the atmosphere by means of a cumbrous treadmill, and the taxpayer pay the miller who grinds the corn for the convict to eat. Such sophisms would be utterly contemptible had they not acquired a kind of spurious respectability by long repetition in the face of the most direct and complete refutation.

ROGATION WEEK: BEATING THE BOUNDS.

ON a certain day in every year, the Beadles of London are called upon to officiate at a most important ceremony—one upon which the parochial peace and happiness for the next twelve months in a great measure depends. On this certain morning of the year, the metropolitan Bumbles wake early, roused from their slumbers by the anxiety and cares of office. They know that the eye of the public is staring hard at them—they feel that the dark lantern of opinion has been turned full upon their behaviour. They sigh as they brush their gorgeous cocked hats. Nobody understands better than Mr. Bumble how necessary it is that the limits of a parish should be accurately defined. In leading forth the detachment of little charity boys who are to beat the bounds, he is assisting in no mere pompous display of power, but actually protecting his parish from the rapaciousness of up-tart paupers. Unless it can be clearly proved where St. Pancras ends and Marylebone begins, how are settlements to be disputed or out-door relief refused? Unconsciously, St. James might be serving out its nutritious gruel and delicate bread to paupers who should have feasted at St. Martin's expense.

We have often met with these detachments of charity boys, headed by a noble bouquet-ornated Beadle, making the rounds of the parish. They are usually accompanied by the curate—the one who receives the £80 a year. He is dressed in his white robes, and by his bland smile hopes to impress lookers-on with the belief that his presence on the occasion was entirely a matter of option with him. The yellow-legged charity boys carry long wands, and at first sight the inexperienced beholder might imagine that he had fallen in with an eccentric fishing party. But presently the procession nears a corner house, against the walls of which a small iron tablet has been fastened. This is a boundary mark. The quick eye of Bumble sees it, and raising his massive-headed staff, he orders his close-cropped lads to halt and prepare for action. Delighted at the novelty of having to beat, instead of being beaten, the lads impatiently await the signal from their great captain, who has prudently retired to a slight distance, perhaps awed by the malicious sparkle that lights up the eyes of the youths. A hand that has grown fat and soft in the parochial service is raised, and then a shout, such as greets the sight of a kitchen chimney on fire, the boys fall too, like carpet beaters, sparing no rod and spilling no boundary, but beating the bricks with an energy that—if walls had tongues as well as ears—would make the old house roar and bowl like a full-voiced babe on washing night with soap in its eyes.

Our artist finding it impossible to compose a pleasing picture of this ceremony as practised in our time, has wisely preferred to represent it "in the olden time." The unpicturesque costume of the children of charity, as worn in the present century, perhaps had some weight with Mr. Meadows in his selection of a period. To our mind, the parish boy's uniform has the great disadvantage of allowing too much of the youths' legs to be visible, especially at an age when the tender years of the lads have not permitted the calves to be properly developed, and this coupled with the yellow hue of the knee-breeches, imparts to the uninteresting wearer somewhat the look of a young fowl. Thin legs are never pleasing—in a highly poetical sense—but when paucity of flesh is joined to an unreasonable gaudiness of nether raiment, the effect produced upon the gazer is most unsatisfactory. This, we suppose, is why Mr. Meadows has preferred dating his illustration back to "a long time ago."

We are told that Rogation week—the time when these parochial perambulations take place—is always the week end but one before Whit Sunday, and so called because on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Rogations and Litanies were formerly used. Fasting and abstinence were enjoined by the church, and religious processions ordained. The primitive custom was for the people to accompany the bishop, or some of the clergy, into the fields, where Litanies were made and the mercy of God implored that He would avert the evils of plague and pestilence, that He would send them good and seasonable weather, and give them in due season the fruits of the earth. Of the magnificence of these processions in former times, some idea may be formed by the account given of the banners belonging to Christ Church, Canterbury. They were of velvet and rich stuffs, embroidered with gold, and adorned with the arms of the king and the different nobles who held large estates in the county, and were staunch defenders of the faith.

In the year 747, Cathbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, ordered that "Litanies"—that is, "Rogations," should be observed by the clergy and all the people with great reverence on the 7th of the Calends of May, and that they should be accompanied with fastings and humiliations. Also, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, an injunction was made, ordering the curate at certain and convenient places to admonish the people "to give thanks to God in the beholding of God's benefits, for the increase and abundance of His fruits." The psalms to be repeated on these solemn occasions are duly given; and the minister is also commanded "to inculcate such sentences

as, 'Cursed be he which translateth the bounds and doles of his neighbour.'

It would appear that the people, instead of attending to these ordinances, grew callous and negligent of their religious duties; for in a sermon in the "Crosse dayes, or Rogation dayes," we find the following complaints:—"Alacke for pitie! these solemne and accustomable processions be nowe growen into a right foule and detestable abuse." It would appear that the men and women for the "most parte" came rather to set out and show themselves, and to "passe the time with vayne and unprofitable tales and merry fables," than to make supplications to God "for their lackes and necessities." The Reverend Gentleman, by stating that he will not mention certain abuses, cleverly manages to catalogue the backslidings of his flock:—"I will not speake of the rage and furour of these uplandish pro-

cessions and gangyns about, which be spent in ryotynge and in belychere." He also refers to the unbecoming manner in which the banners and badges of the cross are irreverently handled, so that "it is merveye (God destroye us not in one daye)." He also tells us what was to be prayed for in these Rogation festivals:—"That God, of His goodnes, wyll defende and save the corne in the felde, and that He will vouchsave to pource the ayer; for this cause be certayne gospels red in the wyde felde amonges the corne and grasse, that, by vertue and operation of God's word, the power of the wicked spirites which keepe in the air and infecte the same (whence come pestilences and other kyndes of disease and syknesses) may be layde downe."

The censures of this fervent pastor do not seem to have met with such success as they deserved. The people still remained hard-hearted and

reckless. "What say ye to processions in gang-daies, when Sir John saw a gospel to our corne-feldes?" asks Michael Wodde in his "Dialogues" (1554); to which one Oliver rudely answers, "As for your Latine gospels, read to the corne, I am sure the corne understandeth as much as you, and therefore hath as much profit by them as ye have—that is to say, none at all!"

In Shaw's "History of Staffordshire," we find the most precise account extant of how these processions were practised of old. The sacrist, resident prebendaries, and members of the choir, assembled at morning prayer on Monday and Tuesday in Rogation week with the charity children, bearing long poles, clothed with all kinds of flowers then in season. When the procession was formed, it proceeded to parade the streets with great solemnity, the clergy, singing men, and boys, dressed in their sacred vest-



OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS, NO. VII.—ROGATION DAY: BEATING THE BOUNDS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

ments, and chanting in "a grave and appropriate melody," the canticle "Benedicta omnia opera," &c.

In the "Articles of Enquiry within the Diocese of Chichester, 1637," is the following question:—"Doth your minister yearly, in Rogation weeke, for the knowing and distinguishing of the bounds of parishes, and for obtaining God's blessing upon the fruites of the ground, walke the perambulation, and say or sing in English the Gospels, Epistles, Letanie, and other devout prayers, together with the 103rd and 104th Psalmes?"

A most ingenious method for perpetuating the recollection of particular parish boundaries on the minds of the young, was a hundred years ago devised by the churchwardens of Chelsea, and sixty years later in the parishes of Norwich and other outlying places. At every mark denoting the limit, a boy was soundly whipped, or a bucket of cold water was discharged at him.

he being certain never afterwards to forget the spot at which he suffered so remarkably; and should any dispute hereafter arise with a neighbouring parish, the unhappy lad was certain to prove an invaluable witness, and to give such evidence, that no cross-examining could shake.

To show the perseverance ever displayed by parochial authorities to promote the welfare of their parish at the expense of anybody, we may refer to a most extraordinary action for damages which in the year 1830 was brought against the parishioners of Walthamstow. It would appear that a gentleman was one day seated on the banks of the Lea, quietly fishing, and enjoying that wonderful quietude and blissfulness of mind which all anglers since Walton are known to have experienced. He kept his eyes so intently fixed upon his float, that he did not notice a band of parochial ruffians creeping up towards him. Urged on by the beadle, the valiant

charity-boys seized the pensive angler. He was carried to a stone bridge and with legs and arms firmly clasped by his assailants, he was bumped like a battering-ram against the corner and boundary stone. To use the complainant's own words, "His agony was such that at every fresh concussion he felt as if he must shut up like a sliding-telescope." The sufferer, who asked for bumping damages, recovered £50.

Another mode employed for impressing the situation of the boundaries on the memory of man, is described by Mr. Barnes, in Hone's "Year Book, 1178-9." A man was brought forward as a witness to prove that a certain stream was the boundary of the parish. "Now, sir," exclaimed the barrister, "can you swear to this stream being the boundary-mark?" "Ees, I can," replied the man; "I'm sure o't by the same token that I were tossed into't, and paddled about like a rat, till I wor hafe dead."

THE BADDINGTON PEERAGE.

BEING THE LIVES OF THEIR LORDSHIPS.

A STORY OF THE BEST AND THE WORST SOCIETY.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,

AUTHOR OF "A JOURNEY DUE NORTH."

(Continued from page 318.)

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP LESLIE.

THE strange acquaintanceship that had been formed between the Professor of the black art and the young man whose moustaches caused so much perturbation to the necromancer—an acquaintanceship formed, too, through the medium of an assassin's knife—was not long in ripening (as such sudden acquaintanceships frequently do) into as strange a friendship. The moustached unknown, had he asked himself the question whether he was much and favourably impressed with what he had already been enabled to discern of the character of his new friend, would not probably have been able to give an answer in the affirmative; yet, with an odd recklessness and insouciance that seemed to be part of his character, he allowed himself to glide into the terms of a treaty of close alliance, none the less close because it was ill assorted.

The Professor, treating the murderous assault made upon him by Juan Manuel Harispe very lightly, and regarding it simply as a significant terminal to his gallantries towards Manuelita, not to be passed over in its portents any more than the first stroke of a disease which attacks thrice before it kills, limited his precautionary measures to giving Senor Harispe, his niece, and his establishment a very wide berth; and announcing his intention, as a pleasant alternative, to be flayed alive rather than return there, added that he should send for his luggage in the morning, pay the swindling old cab of a Spanish cut-throat his bill, and for the few remaining days that he intended to remain in Liverpool set up his tent at some more civilised and Christian-like a caravansera.

"And however," the Professor remarked, as arm-in-arm with his new friend he proceeded toward the Palatial Adelphi Hotel, "however I came to make such a consummate fool of myself as to remain unnumbered weeks in that unmitigated dog-kennel, knocks me into tenpenny nails. I suppose I must have been in love with that black-eyed little puss of a niece, who is as hard-hearted as cannon coal, and as artful as a blue-nosed monkey. Naughty little Manuelita! However, I'm well out of it, and well rid of you, my cherub, as things go. The idea of the eminent Professor Jachimo being made cold meat of—and deucedly ugly cold meat too, scored like a loin of pork for the bakehouse—and all for the sake of a designing little mix in a mantilla, is simply preposterous, simply absurd."

His companion gave a sudden start as he mentioned the girl's name, and seemed inclined to withdraw his arm. It is given to writers of fiction to know intuitively the inmost thoughts of their heroes—to read in their divining crystals the secrets of their heart of hearts. When it suits their purpose, but only then, they condescend to admit the public to a participation in their second-sight; and being in a communicative humour just now, I vouchsafe to inform my readers that when Professor Jachimo's new friend heard that party speak of Manuelita in the terms I have just set down, he experienced an almost irresistible desire to fall incontinent on the Professor, and to beat, punch, and pound him till he assumed the guise and complexion of an Egyptian mummy.

The Professor turned his head with a horse-laugh when he noticed the muscular movement we have described, and laughed louder still at the sight, perchance, of the reflex of his internal opinion to be described in the countenance of his companion.

"Body of me," he cried, "you're not in love with her too, youthful and mysterious stranger? Why, everybody's in love with her! The swell captain of dragoons—ha! ha! what a grand name he has!—who comes all the way from Manchester, and has got no work to do save to make love to this brown little gipsy. The manager, the fiddlers, the fellows who sing the comic songs, and your humble servant to command. Are you in love with her? Say, noble Roman!"

"I'm not a noble Roman," the unknown answered, somewhat nettled it appeared at the bantering tone of the Professor. "I'm a poor devil of a painter—a scene-painter at the Fontenoy Street Theatre; and as to Manuelita Harispe, I think she's an angel. It was for her sake, not yours, and to avoid her being brought into trouble, that I kept watch over your precious life this night, and prevented that Spanish bravo from sheathing his long knife in your body."

"And very much obliged to you I am," exclaimed the Professor, assuming as much heartiness into his tone as he was capable of. "Grateful I am, and grateful I mean to be. There, there, I mean no offence," he continued, seeing that the self-designated "poor devil of a painter," still continued somewhat sullen. "Manuelita is an angel, a seraphim. I suppose I'm not the Mr. Right of her affections, and that she doesn't love me—a great many people don't like me, funnily enough. I hope she likes you better, my young friend, though I am monstrously inclined to fancy that the dragoon has the best chance of it. What! angry again! Dear, dear! what a gunpowder magazine it is! There, give us your hand, and I'll say no more about it, save to ask you to drink Manuelita's health."

He did not wait for a response to his invitation, but seized the painter's small white hand in his own brawny palm, clapping the other meanwhile approvingly on his companion's shoulder. He had not a wheedling way with him, Professor Jachimo, not a coaxing way, not a persuasive way—not, generally, a pleasant way, by any means; but he had a hearty way—a very hearty way with him—and that, I entreat you to pardon the tautology, went a very great way indeed.

The painter, though quick in temper, was apparently of a sufficiently pleasurable disposition, for he returned the Professor's hand-shake as heartily as need be, and echoed his willingness to say no more about it. Then the pair went amicably enough up the great steps of the Adelphi, and into the coffee-room of the mammoth haven for travellers.

There was no one in this saloon (it was now nearly midnight) but an American gentleman—to judge by his complexion, from the South—who, having tried to dissipate the ennui of the evening by a succession of juleps, had resorted to whittling the "Liverpool Albion" up into fine shreds, which was no very difficult matter, and had then gone fast asleep, with his slippers on the mahogany table, and his face turned upwards towards heaven and the coffee-room ceiling, and was probably tranquilly dreaming (with a trombone accompaniment) of biggers and abundant cotton crops. There was one waiter—a bald-headed man, with a highly respectable appearance, and the tie of whose white neckcloth would have done honour to any churchwarden—who was not quite asleep, but was making desperate efforts to keep awake; and to divert his mind had tortured his erst snowy napkin into so many knots and twists, that the most rational theory that one could form respecting it was, that he wanted to make a halter of it, and hang himself forthwith.

The Professor—who was known personally and by reputation, both by printing types and engraved portraits, everywhere in general, and all over Liverpool in particular—had no difficulty in securing a bed at this aristocratic hotel: the general distrust as to travellers without luggage common among hotel-keepers being in this instance vanquished by the magic power (of the purse) well known to be possessed by the renowned Professor Jachimo. The Magician would have asked his deliverer to take up his quarters there too, and did hint at the soft couches and luxurious fare which the Adelphi afforded to wayfarers; but the Painter said, with quiet decision, that he lived close by, that he should be glad to take a glass of soda and sherry, and that he would then bid the Professor good night, for that he was tired out of his life.

The Wizard, whose narrow escape had contributed, perhaps, to make him hungry, ordered some supper, of which he partook with great gusto, strongly but ineffectually pressing his companion to "do as he did." All that he could persuade him to take was a biscuit and the effervescent beverage before named. The Painter sat opposite to him, tapping his fingers on the table, and glancing at him from time to time with looks of consider-

able curiosity. Professor Jachimo, when the first cravings of his appetite had been appeased, began to look with equal curiosity at the friend who had done him such signal service. Finally, he laid down his knife and fork, and honoured his guest with a prolonged stare.

"You will excuse my taking a very great liberty," he said, "though perhaps it isn't so much a liberty; but might I ask you whether you know my name?"

"I know it well enough," replied the Painter, with a careless laugh;

"What the deuce do you want to know my name for?" was the retort, rather fierce than courteous, of the individual who was being so cross-questioned. "Pshaw!" he continued in a milder tone, "what does it matter? You may see it in the playbills any day. New scenery and effects, by Mr. Leslie. That's my name—Philip Leslie, at your service, anybody's service except his Majesty's."

"Is that your real name?"

"That's either a very simple or a very insolent question. I shan't answer it."



OVERWHELMING GRATITUDE OF PROFESSOR JACHIMO.

"I ought to know it by this time. It's on every wall, in every shop-window—"

"On every tongue that can give utterance to the praises of art and the ineffability of magical paraphernalia," the Professor modestly interposed. "You were plain if not complimentary, young man; so I supplied the sugar-candy at my own cost and charges. You are aware of my being the celebrated Professor Jachimo?"

"I know who you are well enough," his interlocutor contented himself with repeating, though with a slight touch of disdain in his tone this time.

"And you, my generous preserver?"

"A scene-painter at the Fontenoy Street Theatre."

"You were good enough to inform me of that fact before; and you will not be offended if I tell you that my experience led me to form a notion, on first seeing you, that you were indeed connected with the theatrical profession, but more in a lyrical than an artistic point of view. To tell the truth, I took you for a fiddler."

"I wonder you didn't take me for a horserider—I've been that and all the others. I paint now."

"I meant no offence. You know as well as I do that in the profession names are as easily picked up as blackberries off a hedge. My name now," he continued, with a wink and smile of much significance, "has not always been Jachimo."

"What may it have been, then?"

"Well," the Professor replied, jauntily, "perhaps Cholmondely, perhaps Howard, perhaps Percy, perhaps P—, perhaps Popkins," he in some confusion added, as if he wished to correct some mistake he had inadvertently committed in his system of nomenclature.

"You may have as many aliases as you please," his companion wearily returned, "and I dare say you have been known by a good many in the course of your career. But Leslie—Philip Leslie—is the only name I ever had or care to have; stay, there is one other name I should like to change it for; or rather there is one little prefix I should like to make to it."

"And that is—"

"The late Philip Leslie!"

"Bah, bah! my young friend," said the Professor, in a tone of consoling jocularly; "so young and so sick of life."



SHADOWY DAYS.

"Anything else?"

"Starve."

"I thought so. The Fontenoy Street Theatre—pretentious 'gaff,' as it is—has known not the walk of the Treasury-haunting ghost these eight weeks. A bad look out."

"I find it bad enough, I can tell you."

"Might I be so bold as to ask your name? We shall then be quits, as far as preliminary introductions go."

"I am sick of it," the Painter said vehemently. "Sick of it—sick of my name, if my real name be Leslie at all!"

Why did the Professor—certainly it could have been by no effort of volition—stretch forward his head eagerly when he heard this last remark, and in a voice that betrayed considerable nervous anxiety, say:—

"Your name—your name! Didn't you tell me you had but one—Leslie?"

"And but one I have—Leslie. Still, I may have reasons to doubt its being my real name."

"What reasons?"

"The same reasons I may have for doubting most other things."

"What name do you imagine, then, is properly yours?"

"That's my business," Philip Leslie answered unconcernedly.

"But," the Professor continued, "might I ask if you have any cause to think that Leslie is not your real name?"

"I scarcely know; yet, from time to time, when I have troubled myself about the matter at all, I have wondered who I was, what I was, and how much of the Philip or the Leslie there was in me. I cannot remember my father at all. I can only recollect my mother; and I was separated from her at a very early age, never to meet her again. My eyes, you see, are blue, but her's were dark; and I can recall them and her darker hair, poor soul, now."

Inquisitive Professor! what business could it have been of his? May he have been, perhaps, a man with some engrossing object of pursuit always before him? May he have been a man with a fixed idea, and that fixed idea the discovery of somebody who bore a name that didn't belong to him, but was entitled to a name he had never borne? Who knows?

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP LESLIE.

It may be permitted to that novelist, whose chief aim is less the elaboration of intrigue, and the niceties of equivocal, than the study and delineation of human character in its varied phases of passion—in its changing moods, its chequered stages of tranquillity and agitation, mansuetude and resentment, charity and envy, pride and humility, hatred and love: it may be permitted, I hope, for such a writer to depart for an instant from the thread of his narrative—to step aside from the track he has marked out for himself—a well-beaten track, and one which thousands have travelled—and to devote a short space to an analysis of the character of the last personage introduced in his drama.

Philip Leslie indeed (under which name the "poor devil of a painter" whom I have heretofore occasionally designated under the embarrassing cognomen of the "unknown" will be henceforward recognised in this story), possessed a character and disposition, and was gifted with qualities and attributes, deserving minute, more extended, and more careful notice, than is usually allotted to the hero of a romance. Of his outward guise I have not felt bound to say much, but as regards those inner traits which my power of divination as a story-teller privileges me to foresee and to foreknow, it behoves me to be less concise and more explicit. Bear with me, then, while I endeavour to place before you the man—not in his habit as he lived, for outward garments are but sorry guides, and afford but an insufficient key to character—but in that inward resemblance which defies all the masquerading trickeries of life, and which is not deceitful, because it is not seen. Would I could do as much for real flesh and blood men and women with whom I walk and talk all the days of my life, as I am enabled to do for the imaginary personages who strut and fret their hour on my mimic stage!

The French law, as expounded in the Code Napoleon, has fixed upon two points in life in which a man may attain his majority. The first majority is at twenty-one years, when the adult, just invested with the *toga virilis*, may assume, and is entitled to some, but not all, the rights, privileges, and immunities of citizenship and self-mastery. But the law forbids him to do everything he likes with his own, and postpones his enjoyment of certain rights—the most grave and important of all—till he has attained the riper and maturer age of twenty-five years. So nature does with our mind. At twenty-one most ordinarily-constituted men possess certain faculties and perceptions that warrant them in forming a judgment, or even acting (in strict moderation, be it understood) on some of the minor things of life; but it is not, in my opinion, till the age of twenty-five that a man ought to be entirely and wholly free from pupillage, either physical or mental. At twenty-five he is entitled to say "now or never," and is qualified to form an opinion, and to exercise a judgment, upon all topics connected with his own peculiar humanity and the immediate sphere in which Providence has been pleased to cast him.

Philip Leslie had just attained his twenty-fifth year, and may be reasonably supposed to have acceded to that full inheritance of manhood, *pleine et entière*, at which I have hinted, and which, in my opinion, twenty-five years alone can give. I speak, of course, of males, and of males alone; for in the female organisation, as most physiologists will observe, maturity, or majority, or ripeness—call it by whatever name you will—comes at an earlier age, ending too, alas! oftentimes as early. The lamp burns brighter, but it does not burn so long. You shall see a girl of sixteen, only just emancipated from the thralldom of her schoolmistress, and quite young and inexperienced in the ways and wiles of this wicked world, who is a match, and more than a match, for a man of forty. So it has always been, and so it always will be, I suppose.

Philip Leslie was, then, twenty-five, and in the full health and vigour of that age, in which, if a man is ever to be worth anything at all, he begins to be worth it. He was singularly constituted. Of a nature frank, impetuous, daring, and somewhat imperious at times (and who can avoid a certain arrogance, and an implacable desire of ruling the roost, even at the risk of hurting and wounding the feelings of those nearest and dearest to us, and whom we love best in this world of sorrows and joys, at some seasons?)—of a nature, I repeat, frank, impetuous, daring, and imperious, there was still mingled with his sterner, harsher nature many qualities more appertaining to, and which would have seemed far more appropriate in, a woman. The existence of these qualities may be considered as analogous to a peculiarity I have noticed in his physical conformation, his stalwart frame, yet small womanly hands and feet, which if we are to adhere to the opinion of Lord Byron (his Lordship having, by-the-way, excessively small hands and feet, though one of the latter was of the genus called "club") are to be taken as unmistakable signs of noble, or at least of gentle descent.

Lucid in comprehension, bold and vigorous in forming plans and devising means, there was, for his misfortune, denied to him in his organisation that wondrous, indispensable, world-compelling muscle of mind which is called "will." He was as a gallant bark whose rudder is shattered—whose crew are too lazy, or too weak, or too despairing to rig a new one, and which must needs float hither and thither on the ocean of life, the butt of every wave, till, for all its mighty bulk, its brave armament, its rich cargo, it goes down for ever and ever into the depths.

He could not hate at all; but he could not love for long. He heaped up so much fuel on the altar which he was continually erecting to some divinity or other, that he was soon bankrupt as a coal merchant, threw down the scuttle, kicked over the altar in a pet, and transferred his allegiance to some other divinity. When this pantheism, or rather polytheism, exists, we know very well that there is another theism imminent: the great A. But the conflicting series of checks in his mental *mécanique*, which made him very much like an expensive chronometer—going beautifully when it did go, but often out of order, and frequently not going at all, guarded him from degenerating into scepticism in the doxology of the beautiful. He was so affectionate, so kindly, so clinging in his heart-structure, that love some one he must, and love some one he always did. The profits of his love were very small, but the returns were marvellously quick. Men who love like this do not generally live long. The fire in the soul-range is lighted so frequently—is kept burning so incessantly, and the chimney is so seldom swept—that it, too, catches fire some day, and the house of life is burnt down into dust and ashes, and Eutychus falls from the third loft, and is taken up dead. Men who have loved often (I do not mean such mere slaves of passion as Mirabeau or the bad Lord Lyttelton, or Byron,—redeemed, to some extent, as were their errors, by their noble qualities of mind), but have yet lived discreet and sober lives, die early, and carry no gray hairs to the grave; but long lovers are long divers: aye, both the passionate and the temperate. The loves of an Abelard and a Héloïse last half a century; the stately courtship of a Horace Wa pole and a Madame du Deffand defies distance and age, and blindness and infirmity. And believe me, there are no such monsters as young ladies are so fond of talking about—the tea-table phantoms, the sewing-circle chimeras, known as "general lovers." They are as fabulous as the phoenix. When a man is reported to be desperately in love with two women, it is perfectly certain that with one (and very often with both

of them) he is not in love. It is impossible (if you love at all) to be on with the new love before you are off with the old; but it is the electric rapidity with which a man of quick impulses leaps from old to new, that has originated the delusion that the books of love can ever be kept *en partie double*—by double entry.

Have you anything like a perception of this Philip Leslie of mine—this frank-hearted, strong-limbed, weak-willed fellow? Can you not reckon, among those of your own cognisance, men such as he: jocund, insouciant, generous, confiding, confidence-unworthy fellows? Brave young cornets and captains, who go out every day in the Grand Army to invade a Russian-like frozen society, and fight a Borodino battle for bread; and to capture a Moscow to be burnt about their ears, and turn them into an Army of Martyrs indeed, but who, having not the Will, will never rise to high command or great estate, but will be cornets and captains all their lives. Such free lances, such social moss-troopers as these, are said to be no man's enemies, but their own: here is another grievous fallacy; they are all men's enemies—for every member of the community is as a shareholder in a commercial corporation, and his liability is not limited; so that if he squander, dissipate, or malverse, it is not on his own account alone that he does these things, but on account, and to the prejudice of the corporation, the bank, the community—society, in a word; and society will have him by the heels some day, as sure as his name is Adamson.

Let me now resume the colloquy between Philip Leslie and the worthy Professor Jachimo, which I interrupted in order to give the reader some insight into the inward being of the first-named personage.

The two friends continued until very late in the coffee-room of the Adelphi Hotel, and till the American gentleman who had gone to sleep before a pile of emptied julep-glasses, with his transatlantic feet on the mahogany table, and his transatlantic face turned heaven and ceiling-wards, had summoned the boots, donned his slippers, invested himself with the order of the chamber-candlestick, and gone to bed by way of a change, and till the waiter who had been wavering between waking and sleeping, and who had been making those desperate efforts to provoke self-strangulation, had gone to sleep in right earnest. Then Professor Jachimo and Philip Leslie having the coast clear, and the field of discussion entirely to themselves, began to converse with considerably more mutual confidence and absence from restraint than had hitherto marked their intercourse.

"You have saved my life," the Professor said, "and I naturally feel as grateful as a fell w can possibly do under such circumstances; I can't return the obligation, as your life, happily, is not, and does not seem very probably to run a chance of being in danger; still, I can show a sense of the favour you have conferred on me, if you will let me know in what manner it will be most acceptable to you. What can I do for you?"

"I don't know that you can do anything for me."

"Nonsense," retorted the Professor, with that peculiar laugh of his. "Everybody wants something done for them. I have wanted things done for me sometimes, and have had a deuced deal of trouble, nay, have frequently absolutely failed, in getting anybody to do the something I wanted for me."

"Well, I can scarcely tell you what *you* could do for me."

"You seem very hard up."

"I am, in verity, as poor as what is facetiously termed a church-mouse—much poorer even than that impoverished animal, if it were possible to be so. I have drawn no salary for the last eight weeks, and have been working very hard, and eating very little, as is frequently the lot of persons in my profession."

"Have you any money at all?"

"Not a halfpenny, and very little credit."

"Well, then, confound it," cried the Professor with an outburst of generosity, not very common to him, "you must have some money, you know. A fellow can't get along without money. I know what it is to be without money. I've been as hard up as you often. People look pillories and treadmills at you. Tell me how much money you want, and you shall have it as welcome as the flowers in May. The purse of Professor Jachimo is entirely at your service, and that humble individual is delighted to say, that it is sufficiently well lined at present. Tell me then, generous youth, what thou requirest to set thee straight with the world, and give thee a fresh start in life, and it shall be thine instantaneously. Kick not at the sum; the Professor is liberal, and will disburse freely."

"I'm very much obliged to you," the Painter said with some natural hesitation; "but I'd rather not."

"Rather not! you must be mad, Mr. Leslie. What the deuce are you to do in this Golgotha of a place without any money? Unless, indeed, you have abundant credit, which, pardon me if I am taking too great a liberty, I scarcely imagine can be enjoyed by the scene-painter at the Fountains Street Theatre, admirably conducted (except in the way of paying salaries) as is that Thespian establishment."

"You are quite right. My credit has been exhausted, and has died the death."

"Then excuse me," remarked the Professor, "if I tell you in all candour and all honesty, that if you do not take the assistance I proffer you, you are a very great fool."

"I may be so. I have been a fool—so people tell me—all my life; but I'd rather not take your money all the same."

"Will you tell me why?"

"You will be offended with me, perhaps, if I give you an honest and candid reason for my refusal."

"Not a bit, I like honesty and candour; they're a change after the rogues who live amongst daily in this beautiful half-gipsy, half-mountainbank, whole-vagabond, semi-theatrical profession of ours."

"Well, then, Professor Jachimo," resumed the Painter, "if you like honesty and candour, I will tell you why I will not take your money. I would sooner starve, sooner rot than take it, because I believe that of all the consummate scoundrels that ever existed, you, Professor Jachimo, are the greatest and most consummate."

"Ha ha! Ho ho! and Ha ha! again," cried the Professor, starting up, and speaking so loud that the somniferous waiter half-awake, inclined his drowsy ear at an angle of forty-five degrees, to intimate that he, the waiter, was in the room, and that parties might give their orders; but hearing none, muttered a sleepy "Coming, sir," and relapsed into sleep again. "At last I have found the pearl beyond price, the ingenious youth, the man of integrity—*sclerisque purus*, if I have not forgotten all the Latin they hammered into me at school. I am a scoundrel—great, consummate; by Tom of Lincoln and Peter the Great, I am; and you, being virtuous, are just the man for me. You *must* come with me. You *shall* let me be your friend. Tell me, you paragon, where do you live?"

He put the question with such adroit suddenness—he had such a cat-like nimbleness, that Professor, in pouncing upon an interlocutor, with those straw-coloured kid paws of his, that had *griffes* of iron, that Leslie, taken off his guard, hesitating as to whether he should kick the Professor, laugh at the Professor, or evade the Professor's question, made a miserable compromise of the matter by answering him, and stammered out that he lived at No. 8, Mount Pleasant, close by.

"Haste then to the Pleasant Mountain!" exclaimed the lively recommancer, clapping his hands on Leslie's shoulders. "The waiter wants to go to bed—the bar's closed. You want sleep—so do I. I'll call upon you in the morning—you'll let me in; I know you will. Good night, God bless you. Flare-up!"

And with this singular benediction, the dexterous Professor Jachimo so managed with his guest, that though Leslie felt that he was being treated like a child, and was burning to knock his persecutor down, he walked, half backwards, out of the coffee-room, past the night porter, and into the street, and was half conscious, too, of having bid the Professor good night, and of having half returned the grasp of the hand he had conferred upon him at parting. What would have been the good of the Professor being such an unutterable wizard, if he hadn't been able to manage things more cleverly than other people?

It was curious to observe the change that came over the countenance of Professor Jachimo when his guest had left. His hilarity, his *bonhomie*, vanished as instantaneously as though he had worn one of those theatrical masks which can be drawn off the face by means of a string; and in lieu came an anxious, covetously-inquisitive, ravenously-pondering expression,

that had much more of a *malhomie* than *bonhomie* in it. As he pondered and pondered, and drew lines in some spit liquor on the table, he looked less like a professor than a certain captain you have heard of ere now. The mahogany table might with more propriety have been deal; the choice Havannah, a clay pipe; the stately coffee-room, a low pot-house parlour in Southwark.

"A strange young man, that," he mused to himself. "I don't believe in presentiments—they're all humbug; yet I can't help having something like a presentiment about him. A very strange young man! I'll sleep upon it. He won't give me the slip, if I can help it. I don't think he wants to, either, for all his telling me I was a scoundrel. There: I'll sleep upon it."

So Professor Jachimo likewise invested himself with the order of the chamber candlestick, and still muttering that Philip Leslie was a very strange young man, permitted the night porter to conduct him to his bedroom, and, according to his expressed intention, slept upon it. He slept as a child will do on a beating, and a lover on the receipt of his letters and the lock of his hair from his mistress, and a general on his defeat, and an emperor on his abdication; and as you, my friend, would sleep, somehow, if you were going to be hanged to-morrow morning. For it is Mercy ties our nightcap strings beneath our chins, and lays fingers, poppy-steeped, on our eyelids.

Philip Leslie, too, went home to sleep upon it to his poor garret, in the delectuous thoroughfare questionably called Mount Pleasant. He owed his landlady much rent, and she was an ill-conditioned female; and he crept up stairs rather nervously. But as he cast his clothes on the chair beside his couch, pondering, too, on what a strange fellow that conjuror was, there slipped from the pocket of his shooting-jacket something yellow and something shining, which, when he eagerly stooped to pick it up, proved, to his amazement, to be a golden guinea.

"How on earth did this money come here?" he asked himself. "Pshaw!" he continued, "I'm a dolt to ask myself the question. Who could have put it there but that rascal of a conjuror, with some of his merry-Andrew tricks? I'll give it back to him in the morning, even if I have to call upon him at the hotel to do so. Confound his impudence. Heigho!" And so laid down on his pillow. He was so miserably poor that he could not help saying "Heigho!" poor fellow, though he had really a mind—a very great mind, though not quite an entire mind—to give the Professor back his alms in the morning.

He tossed and tumbled all night, and dreamed far more than he slept. He dreamed that he had taken the devil's arles, and was bound to one Polliachimo, a demon, by contracts engrossed with human blood on parchmented human skins. He dreamed that he had enlisted for a red-hot guinea in the Fiend's Light Infantry. Then he began to have wandering incoherent dream-memories of his past career—a short, but a troubled career: travel, and poverty, and hardship, and contumely. Then his mind wandered back a long, long way, and he began to dream of a tall, handsome lady with dark hair and eyes—so dark, so handsome!—who used to fondle him on her knee, and smother him almost with kisses, and weep passionately on his neck, by times calling him her dear, dear, wronged, and abandoned child; and yet sometimes, with a strange and terrible caprice, would fall upon him with blows and revilings, and tell him that he was a little viper and a little outcast; and that tall, handsome lady he used to call mamma. And that lady, too, tall and handsome as she was, used to be very fond of drinking something from a decanter. Then the dream-memories came upon him so rapidly and so distinctly, that he perceived at last that he was wide awake and thinking very deeply, and that the things he had been thinking about were true. And, lo! it was morning.

(To be continued.)

THE ALLEGED POISONING AT STAFFORD.

THE result of the trial of Bacon and his wife for the murder of their children was omitted from the earlier impressions of the paper. We may repeat, therefore, that Lord Campbell summed up strongly in the male prisoner's favour, and expressed his opinion that it had clearly been made out that the female prisoner had murdered her children while labouring under insanity. The jury retired for ten minutes, and then gave in their verdict, which was "Not Guilty" as regarded Thomas Bacon, while Martha Bacon was "Acquitted" on the ground of insanity. Lord Campbell expressed his concurrence in the verdict, stating that since the female prisoner had been in Newgate, she had confessed that she alone committed the murders.

On Saturday, Bacon was brought up before the Stamford bench, on the charge of having administered arsenic to his mother, Mrs. Ann Bacon, of which she died on the 15th of May, 1855. Mr. George Patterson, druggist, proved that, on the 8th of May, 1855 (only a week before Mrs. Bacon's death), he sold an ounce of arsenic to the prisoner, who said he wanted it to poison rats. The sale was entered in a book kept by Mr. Patterson for the purpose, and attested by the signature of the prisoner himself, and a witness named William Clifton. William Mays Hibbins (an apprentice) deposed that, at the beginning of the week before Bacon's mother died, the prisoner sent him to the shop of Mr. Wilford for sixpennyworth of arsenic, telling him that, if asked what it was for, he was to say it was for hardening iron. Mr. Wilford refused to let the youth have the arsenic without a witness. On being informed of this, Bacon "laughed it off," and said, "Oh, never mind! I'll get it myself." The witness added that, when there was any iron to harden at Bacon's workshop, they used prussiate of potash, not arsenic. Mary Riley, charwoman, who attended Mrs. Bacon during her brief, though fatal illness, described her symptoms (vomiting and spasms), and said deceased told her that, having accepted an invitation to dine with her son Thomas (the prisoner), on Sunday, the 13th of May, she was suddenly seized with vomiting and purging after partaking of some broth. The deceased died on the following Tuesday. Mrs. Ann Bacon, wife of the prisoner's brother William, was then examined at considerable length. On Saturday, the 12th of May, witness saw the deceased, who then appeared quite well. Next day witness was sent for to deceased in consequence of her illness. Either on the Monday or Tuesday (the day of Mrs. Bacon's death), witness being in deceased's bedroom, heard the prisoner say to his wife, "I think mother had better have something out of that bottle" (referring to a bottle standing on the dressing-table, which witness supposed to contain pepper, or something of that kind). The bottle contained a whitish liquid. On the Tuesday evening, shortly after Mrs. Bacon's death, prisoner took up the bottle in question, and said, "This is my bottle; it won't be wanted any more; I may as well take it away." Witness did not see the bottle afterwards. It was a little square bottle, rather lower than an ordinary medicine bottle. Witness recollected Mrs. Bacon being ill in March, 1855, her symptoms being then similar to those of her last illness. On the first occasion she had a cup of tea or coffee at the prisoner's house, about seven in the morning, and she was taken ill about ten or eleven. Under the will of his father, the prisoner succeeded at the death of his mother to some houses in Protection Place, Stamford, which brought in about £80 a year, subject to legacies to the amount of £550, payable six months after Mrs. Bacon's death.

The prisoner was then remanded for the production of the medical evidence, which was adduced on Wednesday. It went to show that, on the post-mortem examination, the intestines of the deceased body presented a peculiar appearance, like that which analytical chemists describe to be the effect of arsenic. Dr. Taylor added that he had found arsenic in the intestines, on analysis—a small quantity, about three quarters of a grain.

The prisoner was fully committed for trial at the next assizes at Lincoln.

THE SPA KING, homeward bound with guano, was wrecked on a reef of rocks near Holyhead, on Monday night, during a fog.

THE ROYAL BRITISH BANK.—Mr. Commissioner Holroyd has given judgment in this case, in the Court of Bankruptcy. He at once declared his intention of directing copies of the examinations to be transmitted to the Attorney-General, so that the Government may be advised as to instituting criminal proceedings. "I do not believe," he added, "that a scene of greater recklessness, fraud, and criminality of conduct in the management of a banking establishment was ever exhibited in a court of justice than is disclosed by the examinations taken in this court under the adjudication of bankruptcy against the Royal British Bank; and I may observe that these examinations will be admissible in evidence against the parties in case of a prosecution."

FIRE.—LOSS OF LIFE.—A house in Campden House Road, Kensington, took fire on Monday evening. A little child, a boy, of eight months old, was discovered to have been left in bed when the other inmates escaped; and a young man, a spectator, rushed into the house and brought out the child, frightfully burnt. It died shortly after. The house was completely burnt out.—Mewman and Co.'s rag-mills, situate on the Grand Surrey Canal, at Camberwell, were razed to the ground by a fire on Monday morning.—Damage to the extent of £3,000 was done by fire at the Latchmore Distillery, Battersea, on Wednesday morning.—The premises of Messrs. Smith and Young, wholesale chemists, of Blauvelt Row, Hull, were destroyed by fire on Monday night. A large number of the crew of H.M.S. Cornwallis were on the spot, and created considerable disturbance in what may have been a well meant anxiety to assist. A policeman was severely beaten by one of them, and a sailor was knocked down, and trampled to death in the crowd.

1001; Peruvian 3 per cents. 54; Portuguese 3 per cents. 461; ditto

METROPOLITAN MARKETS.

ENGLISH CURRENCY.—Essex and Kent White Wheat, 5s. to 60s. 6d., Red, 50s. to 61s.; Malting barley, 33s. to 47s.; Distilling do., 31s. to 36s.; Grinding do., 30s. to 39s.; Malt, 60s. to 78s.; Rye, 31s. to 36s.; Oats, 25s. to 30s.; Beans, 25s. to 30s.; Peas, 25s. to 30s.; Clover, 25s. to 30s.; Pigweeds, 35s. to 40s.; White Peas, 35s. to 40s.; Black Peas, 35s. to 40s.; Gray, 35s. to 40s. per quarter. Town made Flour, 30s. to 32s.; Town Households, 40s. to 51s.; Norfolk and Suffolk, 40s. to 42s.

CATTLE.—The arrivals of beasts having been on the increase, the demand for all breeds has ruled heavy, and prices have given way 1d. per lb. We have to report a slow inquiry for sheep, at barely half the rate. Cattle have commanded very full prices, and calves have continued to be in demand at 10s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. from 2s. 10d. to 4s. 6d., mutton, 4s. 2d. to 5s. 10d.; lamb, 3s. 6d. to 6s. 4d.; veal, 3s. 6d. to 5s. 2d.; pork, 3s. 8d. to 5s. 8d., per 5 lbs. to sink.

NEWGATE AND LEADENHALL.—The trade generally has been very inactive, as follows:—Beef, from 2s. 8d. to 4s. 2d.; mutton, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 8d.; lamb, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 10d.; veal, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 8d.; pork 2s. 4d. to 3s. 6d., by the cask.

TEA—There is a fair average business doing in most kinds of tea, and last week's prices are well supported. Congou, is, Old to 28 4d.; Ning Yung and Oolong, is, 2d. to 2s.; Souchong, is, 1d. to 2s. 6d.; Flowery Pekoe, 2s. to 4s.; Scented Caper, is, 1d. to 1s. 10d.; Orange Pekoe, is, 2d. to 1s. 4d.; Scented Orange Pekoe, is, 4d. to 2s. 4d.; Tswakoo, 5d. to 1s. 3d.; Hyson Skin, is, 8d. to 1s. 4d.; Hyson, is, 1d. to 4s.; Young Hyson, 10d. to 2s. 4d.; Imperial, is, 1s. to 2s. 4d.; Gunpowder, 10d. to 2s. 6d.; Assam, is, 1d. to 4s. 4d. per lb.

SUGAR—Since our last report, the demand for all raw sugars has been less active. In prices, however, very little change has taken place. West India has realised 55s. to 60s.; Bengal, 49s. to 50s. 6d. per cwt. Most of the sugar is now being sold in the form of sugar having sold at all quotations. Refined sugars are not so abundant as formerly, and are selling at 70s. to 75s. per cwt. Crushed sugars—both English and foreign—are dull.

MOLASSES.—Barbados, 28s. to 29s.; Trinidad, 27s. 6d. to 28s. foreign, 24s. to 27s. per cwt.

PEPPER.—A general inquiry for all kinds of coffee, and late rates are well supported. Good old native Ceylon has sold at 62s. to 63s. per cwt.

COCOA.—Fine parcels are the turn dealer, and other kinds come into steady demand. Old gray to fair red Trinidad is held at 7s. to 90s per cwt.

RICE.—For all kinds, the demand is heavy, and late rates are barely supported. The stock is 35,000 tons, against 24,000 tons in 1856, 4,700 tons in 1854, and 15,000 tons in 1853.

ONIONS.—We have to report a dull inquiry for butter, though prices are still at a moderate level, and are reasonably good, and prices have a downward tendency. The supply of bacon is on the increase, and the inquiry for it is steady, at full currencies. Hams are quite as dear as last week, but other provisions rule dull.

CURRIES.—The transactions continue very moderate. In price we have no change to notice.

WOOL.—There is rather more firmness in the sales of Colonial wool, and a portion of the decline already noticed has been recovered. Privately, very little is doing.

SKIN.—There is a little more slow selling, and prices have a downward tendency. The fat market is better, at present.

LIVE STOCK.—The quarterly sales are progressing slowly, at a decline in value of from 2d. to 4d. per lb. The quantity sold is trifling.
CATTLE.—There has been no business for ram and ewe prices as well supported. Proof Leicwads, 28. 9d. to 28. 10d.; East India, 28. 8d. to 28. 9d. per gallon. The brandy market is steady, at full rate rates. Sales of Cognac, best brands of 1836, 16s. 4d. to 16s. 6d.; 1855, 16s. 8d. to 16s. 10d.; older, 17s. to 18s., inferior, 15s. 3d. to 15s. 6d.; 1836, 15s. 3d. to 15s. 6d.; 1855, 15s. 3d. to 15s. 6d. per gallon. Geneva is steady, at 38s. to 38. 10d. per gallon.

SALTPETRE.—Our market is steady, and prices are well supported. The best samples on the spot are held at 44s.—for arrival 42s. per cwt.

CRUDE OIL OF SODA.—Sales have taken place at 20s. 6d. to 21s. per cwt.

METALS.—Scotch pig iron has moved off slowly, at 71s. 8d. cash. Manufactured parcels have ruled about stationary. Sheets, single in London, £10 10s. to £10 15s.; and nail rods, £3 17s. 6d. to £9 29s. 6d. in America; and in Glasgow, £10 10s. to £10 15s. and keels and beams, £1 2d. per lb. for sheet. The lead market is steady. English pig, £21 5s. to £24 10s.; Spanish, £23 15s. to £24 per ton. Tin is heavy. Banca, 139s. to 139s. 6d.; Straits, 138s. to 140s. Tin plates are very dull. Steel supports late rates. Faggot, £23; and keg £24.

HOPS.—Our market is tolerably steady, and prices are well supported. Mid and East Kent pockets, £3 10s. to £3 12s.; Weald of Kent, £3 5s. to £3 15s.; Sussex, £3 to £3 12s.; yearlings, £1 10s. to £2 3s. per cwt.

POTATOES.—The supplies are only moderate, and prices are active, at from 80s. 16s. per ton.

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LONDON GAZETTE

LONDON GAZETTE.
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merchant—SAMUEL MUNDY, Gosport, baker—THOMAS REGINALD
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JOHN FRANK WARD, Stratford, Hertford, timber merchant—
LEWIS LEWIS, Exmouth Street, Clerkenwell, draper—GEORGE AR
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